

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 456

Week Ending
DECEMBER 17, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere.
One Halfpenny. Every Thursday 2d.

THE BOY IN THE LION'S DEN

KING BILLY IS DEAD

THE LONELY OLD MAN OF CANBERRA

No Member of His Tribe to Follow His Last Ride

WHAT HE HAD SEEN

King Billy of Canberra has gone, and old Australia feels lonely without him. New Australia is too new to know what a magnificent figure King Billy was.

King Billy was a picturesque old man whom any settler who did not know any better might easily have ordered off his grounds. He was not very clean, and he wore an indescribable collection of old clothes; nothing in the way of clothes appealed to Billy until they were ready to be thrown away. There was always a dog at the heels of this ragged old figure, and thus he wandered in and out of Canberra, looking and watching, his dim, faithful old heart reaching out to a past that was hidden from the young folk hurrying by.

Last of His Tribe

It is always lonely to be last of your clan. King Billy was the last of the Aboriginal tribe who had once hunted over the Cotter and the Molonglo. He had stood by, first in bitter resentment, then in humility, fear, and respect as the white man advanced and planted his civilisation on the ashes of the old.

Billy the native, with his dog at his heels, saw the first telegraph wires laid. He may for a time have shared the idea of many of the natives that the telegraph was the white man's boundary fence, and scanned it as a piece of foolishness; he had sometimes seen the lads climb up and cut the wire of that absurd fence. Billy stood by and marvelled. He saw acre after acre taken in from the wild, swept clean of its rugged life; he saw it all grow into a capital.

On the Edge of the Crowd

He was there when the new Parliament House was built; and when it was opened by the Duke of York. King Billy was on the edge of the crowd, unconsidered, forgotten. There was no place for him in the great procession, but his eyes looked out on a ceremony which was the last of the many awe-inspiring sights planned by the white men who had borrowed his hunting-grounds to live in. King Billy felt very small and insignificant and very lonely, for he knew that the old order was changing, yielding place to new, and for him, the last of his race, there was soon going to be no home anywhere. The capital of a continent had swallowed up his home.

He knew that the white man's prince was a great Big Chief, but he would not have been human if he had not remembered other chiefs and other days and the hunting-grounds of old.

Now Billy has gone; he passed away at ninety, an old man alone, with not one member of his tribe and no member of his race left to follow him to his grave.

A Little Snow Man



Although this little Swiss boy is so young he has already learned to ski, and the picture shows him enjoying a run over the snow at St. Moritz, where the winter sports season is now in full swing.

THE TROPICAL ROOM Is a Frenchman Fit?

The other day a man applied for a post in the French Colonial services.

In order to test him to see if he were fitted to live in a tropical climate, the candidate was placed in a specially-constructed room, lined with cork to maintain an even temperature.

The room itself was made of metal encased in wood, and there was a door of double glass. It was very hot inside, the temperature corresponding to that of the place in which the man was to live. A bicycle in the room provided him with exercise, and his muscular energy was tested. The reactions of his body were also measured. Food was handed in through a special opening in the wall, so that the atmosphere was not disturbed. For some days the would-be traveller was in this room, but we suppose that to make the test complete it would have been well for him to stay yet longer, as a hot climate often wears a man down.

YOUR DOG And What it Sees

You think you know all about your own dog, perhaps, but do you?

You probably sum him up in your mind as an eager, loving creature, with spuddy paws and solemn, faithful brown eyes and a fast-wagging tail. But have you ever considered that your dog sees only black and white and is colour blind? Recent tests have proved that. The Union Jack, for instance, is seen by your dog as white and grey. It has been found out that his eyes are dull at noticing patterns.

The bull is like the dog in his powers of vision; a red rag to a bull is really grey. Most birds can see all colours except blue or violet. Fish see colour and are supposed to be afraid of red. Chickens and monkeys know many different colours.

When are you yourself colour-blind? In a heavy twilight. Then your world looks to you as the world looks always to your dog.

THE NEW DANIEL HOW HE STOOD AMONG THE LIONS

Why Esta Garcia Walked to Meet the Prince

A BROTHER'S GREAT DEVOTION

Not since Daniel spent the night in the den of lions has a braver boy stood in a lion's den than he whose tale was told the other day to Prince Henry.

The Prince was visiting the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital when the case was made known to him. This is the story.

In 1917 a cripple baby girl was born. She was called Esta Garcia, and her brother Alfred, who was six, loved her and hoped she would soon play with him. But gradually he learned that poor little Esta would never be able to romp or even walk.

The boy's pity increased as he grew older, and he did all he could to make the cripple's life happy. Then there came what seemed to him a chance to get her cured.

The Circus at Sheffield

When he was twelve years old and earning his living as a London messenger boy Alfred heard of a lion-tamer who wagered fifty pounds that no one would enter his lions' cage. The circus at which this man appeared was in Sheffield. Alfred journeyed to that city, bravely went into the den of lions, and was not attacked by the sullen animals. Then he received a cheque for fifty pounds, and went straight off with it to Harley Street, the famous street of doctors in London.

A great specialist listened to Alfred's story, and promised to try to cure the crippled sister, but he refused to take the fifty pounds in payment. Great doctors are often like that; it is a way of their religion. After treating the child privately for a while the doctor arranged that she should be admitted into the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, where the most amazing cures have been made. And Alfred insisted on handing over the fifty pounds to the hospital.

That was four years ago, and Esta has been there ever since. Sometimes Alfred must have been tempted to think that the risk he took in the lion's den was all in vain, but at last Science has triumphed over disease, and when Prince Henry visited her ward *Esta walked across the ward to meet him.*

Alfred's dream has come true. We send our greetings to him, and we pray for a long and happy life for his sister Esta, who owes so much to his wit and courage.

GREEN LIGHTNING

An astronomer from Ontario has seen something very novel in the way of a lightning flash. During a thunderstorm a flash of lightning started from the sky quite white, and about half way to the earth turned to a vivid green colour.

LOCUSTS IN EGYPT AGAIN

WHAT WOULD THE MAGIC MEN HAVE SAID?

A Jolly Story of Two Commissions on the Nile

THE WATCHMAN AND HIS WAGES

It is like turning back to the tenth chapter of Exodus to read that Egypt is once more plagued by locusts.

But there is a vast difference between the conditions of today and those when Moses stretched forth his hand and summoned the destroyers of Pharaoh's herds and harvest, for today the Egyptians have accepted the offer of the British Government to send aeroplanes, whose occupants will scatter poison on the invaders and so, we hope, bring to the Nile Valley deliverance from the skies.

The Unchanging Egyptian

What would have been said to this by those mysterious men Pharaoh's magicians, who "by their secret arts" mimicked the conversion of rods into serpents and rivalled the miracle of the first two Plagues, the blood and the frogs, but failed at the third, and then faded from the scene? Would they have tried to conjure remedial aeroplanes out of their secret resources?

In some things the Egyptians are little changed from of old. Sir Flinders Petrie, who has lived long among them, says their ancient qualities remain.

The Copts, proud and ancient Egyptians, who have been Christians since the days when Britons were painted pagans, preserve, for part of their religious service, the ancient Hamitic language, which is supposed to have been spoken by the tribe descended from Ham, one of the sons of Noah, a language in which their masters must have talked to Moses.

Native Cunning

It was not of the Copts, but of the ordinary non-Christian fellahs, that Mr. J. E. Marshall, formerly a Judge in Egypt, has been telling a story of native cunning. There was a certain native watchman who recognised in the middle of the month that he could not live more than a day or two, so bethought himself, ere death could overtake him, to ask his master to advance him his wages for the next month!

A still more illuminating story is bequeathed to us by Dr. Hogarth, the great scholar and traveller of Oxford, whose recent death we all lament. Certain Government officials went up the left bank of the Nile to assess the land tax. To their astonishment they were everywhere received with joy. Sheiks and notables came forth to honour them and make them welcome. The fullest revelation was made of the riches of each community, especially the high value of its lands.

Weeping and Wailing

Meanwhile another commission was simultaneously working up the opposite bank of the Nile to purchase land for a new state railway. Here the most sulkily melancholy was shown, and so field after field was declared not to be worth more than an old song!

For a time all went well with both commissioners, till suddenly a great weeping and wailing broke out behind them. Those who were to tax the land had accidentally learned its true value by being mistaken for the railway commission which was to buy the land. The railway commission had been given the lowest possible estimate in the belief that they were the tax-assessors!

There is a good deal of the Biblical Egyptian in the modern Egyptian still

TRAINS SAVED BY TWO CHANCES

A Lucky Walk in South Africa

It is a curious coincidence that two railway disasters have been strangely averted within a few days.

There was a landslide which fell on the main line south of Lyons soon after an early train had passed along. No one knew of the fall, but, fortunately, as the rocks fell they struck the wires of a signal and set it at danger.

A Riviera express came along at 60 miles an hour soon after the fall, and if the driver had not seen the signal there would have been an appalling disaster.

The other calamity was averted because Mrs. J. D. Stewart, of Johannesburg, happened to be walking one morning by the railway line between Fish Hoek and Glencairn. All at once a boulder came crashing down the hillside and rolled on to the line. There was a curve just ahead, and Mrs. Stewart saw that the driver of an oncoming train would not see the boulder in time to pull up. Her daughter was with her, and she sent the girl running to the nearest house to telephone a warning.

Umbrella as Signal

Mrs. Stewart remained on guard, and her daughter had hardly left her when she heard the rumble of wheels. It was a passenger train from Cape Town to Simon's Town. Mrs. Stewart ran down the line to meet it, waving her umbrella, and the driver jammed on his brakes. Afterwards it was found that the engine had come to a standstill only a few yards from the boulder, and if it had not been for Mrs. Stewart's signal there would have been a terrible disaster.

The South African Railway Administration has thanked Mrs. Stewart for her brave, quick-witted act. It was a happy thing that she chose to walk that way that day.

DRIFTING FOR A YEAR IN THE ATLANTIC

News of a Bottle

It has just transpired that a lady passenger on board one of the big liners crossing from Cherbourg to New York last year amused herself by throwing a bottle containing a message and her address into the sea when off the American coast, in the hope that it would be picked up.

A fisherman living near Cherbourg has lately found the bottle not far from the very spot where the liner left the French coast. It has thus been drifting about a year on its journey across the Atlantic, and the information it affords of ocean currents is very valuable. The fisherman has received a gift of £2 from the lady passenger, to whom he had communicated the news of the bottle's arrival and discovery.

THE PRESS IN CHAINS

Italy's Papers Under Fascist Orders

The freedom of the Press is a principle dear to democracy but hateful to all dictators, and it must be a profound satisfaction to Signor Mussolini to be assured that the Italian Press does not want its freedom.

The Fascist Grand Council has been reviewing the position of the Press and has sent its salutations to the journalists and journals of Italy. It declares that the editorial posts and the headship of departments in all newspapers must be given to the most faithful Black Shirts.

The National Press Syndicate has replied in a statement which says that Italian journalists are proud of the resolution passed by the Grand Council, and place themselves once more at the orders of the Secretary-General of the Party. What a happy family it is!

THE LITTLE BAG OF HAPPINESS

Have You Got Yours?

AN UPSIDE-DOWN PARTY FOR CHRISTMAS

Once more there are to be some upside-down parties scattered over England. This is the fifth year they have been held, and the C.N. has watched over them several times. We call them upside-down parties because everything seems the wrong way about.

They come at Christmas, and there is a Christmas tree. But when the guests arrive at the house the Christmas tree is empty; when they leave it is full. Each guest has helped to decorate the tree and has made a present instead of accepting one.

The presents take the form of very delightful little bags, in which the happiest children in England have been saving up their small coins for some few weeks. They have learned of the little bags of happiness from the C.N., and they do not wish to miss the chance of handling one this year. For the sake of new readers of the C.N. we will explain.

Write for a Bag

There is a number of people working hard to try to give a little health and joy to children from whose lives health and joy seem shut out, locked out. They call themselves the Save the Children Fund, and they live at 26, Gordon Street, London, W.C.1. The S.C.F. people know that if there is one thing children like more than another it is doing things themselves instead of watching their elders do them. So the S.C.F. people said "The children shall save the children and bring them health and joy in little bags of happiness."

And, of course, as soon as English children hear of these little bags of happiness going begging they cannot rest until they have one. The secretary of the S.C.F. at 26, Gordon Street will send a bag by return of post with much pleasure to any reader of the C.N. Write for it.

Every London child big and little, who asks for a bag is invited to the Very Big Party held in London on Thursday, December 22. There are ladies willing to give S.C.F. parties in other parts of England if only the holders of little bags of happiness will let them know.

ARMISTICE IN A TRADE WAR

Poland's Peace Terms With Germany

HELPING ONE ANOTHER

A welcome armistice has been declared in the bitter trade war between Germany and Poland. There was an armistice last summer, but the peace negotiations broke down, and the trade war was resumed.

The lines on which new negotiations are to proceed have been agreed upon, and one or two clauses of the peace treaty have been decided.

That in regard to timber is very illuminating. In theory Germany has been forbidding all imports of sawn timber from Poland, but in practice she has been admitting 60,000 tons a year. Now she is to admit 120,000 tons. Poland, in return, though she is doubling her general export duty on unsawn timber, has promised not to do so on exports to Germany.

Of course German sawmills want Polish logs to saw up, but they want Polish sawn timber kept out. Equally, of course, people who build houses and people who live in them want cheap timber, wherever it comes from and whoever saws it up; but that is another story.

In return for the admission of her timber Poland will admit fixed quantities of certain German manufactured goods. So the world moves surely, if somewhat slowly!

A MAN ABOVE WAR

Credit Where Credit is Due

A LITTLE-KNOWN INCIDENT OF 1914

In My Magazine not long ago, in an article on *Three Men Above All War*, it was pointed out that during the Napoleonic Wars La Pérouse, the French explorer, was allowed to pass freely at sea by the British Government, and Captain Cook and Sir Humphry Davy, the English explorer and scientist, were allowed to pass freely by the French because their work was above war. The article had this comment:

It would have been difficult in the Great War for such things as these to happen. If one of our scientists had been honoured by the scholars of Germany in 1915 he could hardly have gone to Berlin to receive his prize, nor would Germany have admitted him.

An eminent scientist who reads My Magazine sends us a very interesting piece of information as to how during the war Germany, to her great credit, actually did in one instance treat the search for knowledge as above war. This was the case.

Studying Cattle Diseases

A South African student, Dr. P. J. du Toit, was studying the parasites of the blood in connection with cattle diseases in Germany when the war broke out. Though he was a British subject he was not only left unmolested, but he was given an official Government post, by which means he was enabled safely to carry on his researches till the war was over. He is now head of the Veterinary Department in South Africa, and has charge of what our correspondent believes is the most important laboratory in the world dealing with cattle diseases. He is one of the most brilliant scientists in the Empire, and that Germany recognised his ability and the great value of his work is a matter which should certainly be placed to her credit.

We are glad to add this example of the supremacy of knowledge to those mentioned in My Magazine. It is one more evidence of the essential unity of all civilised races in the pursuit of knowledge for the good of all.

THINGS SAID

I don't intend to be old.

Sir J. Crichton Browne at 87

When was the middle of the summer this year?

A Willesden magistrate

Do not let us despair, even of our coins.

Professor Baldwin Brown

Nothing kills slavery but roads.

Heard by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in Brazil

Take the din out of dinner and put the rest into restaurant. A sufferer from noise

Death is the most merciful thing in the world.

The Bishop of London

The things that remain of the Roman Empire are its laws, literature, and art.

Sir John Daniel

Nobody should learn how to play a piano without learning to tune it.

Mr. Rutland Boughton

If champagne were sixpence a bottle much less would be drunk.

Mr. Justice McCardie

Words are the daughters of Earth, things are the sons of Heaven.

Doctor Johnson in a manuscript just sold

Germany plays Shakespeare more in a month than the rest of the world in a year.

Herr Feuchtwangler

English authors would be surprised to find how seriously they are taken on our stage.

A German novelist

We can never tolerate those who make war at home and clamour for peace abroad.

Monsieur Herriot

WHAT A FARMER SAW IN RHODESIA

The Secretary Bird and the Snake

A CLEVER CREATURE PROTECTED BY THE LAW

This remarkable description of how the secretary bird disposes of venomous snakes comes to us from a farmer in Rhodesia.

Sitting in front of my hut, I saw a huge bird swoop down and land on the ground near me.

He stood as high as a man's breast. His long, pink, scraggy neck had no feathers, but long grey ones stuck straight out behind him and touched the ground when he walked. He looked for all the world like an old lawyer who, with his hands clasped behind his coat-tails and his back bent, was thinking deeply. By that strange resemblance I was able to recognise him. He was a secretary bird.

Physical Jerks

I watched him closely. For a little while he stalked around sedately, looking thoughtfully at the ground. Suddenly he sprang to attention, pecked the ground hard several times, and then began to stamp his feet and flap his wings. It looked as if he were marking time or doing physical jerks.

Softly I crept on all-fours to see what was happening until I got close behind him. Then I discovered that he had found a large poisonous cobra and was stamping it to death, flapping his wings meantime to keep his balance.

When he had made sure the snake was dead he seized its head with his beak and began to swallow it in gulps, as a thrush swallows a worm.

Unfortunately I had to cough, and that startled him. Looking round, he saw me close behind him, and at once he flew off, carrying his victim, half-swallowed, in his beak. A funny object he looked, soaring away with a yard of snake hanging down.

Clever and Useful

I have no doubt he was pleased with himself for catching such a tit-bit. It would be a change from breakfasts of lizards and dinners of frogs and grasshoppers. Although he looks so clumsy, he must be a clever bird to be able to catch snakes like that and not get bitten.

Because he is so good at it he is the most useful bird in South Africa, and the Government has made a wise law that he is to be protected. No one may shoot a secretary bird. He seems to know of that law, for as a rule he is not afraid of people.

SHARK'S TEETH

One Hundred Thousand Wanted

"Please deliver 100,000 shark's teeth as soon as possible," was the strange order received by the Shark Fisheries Company in Sydney recently.

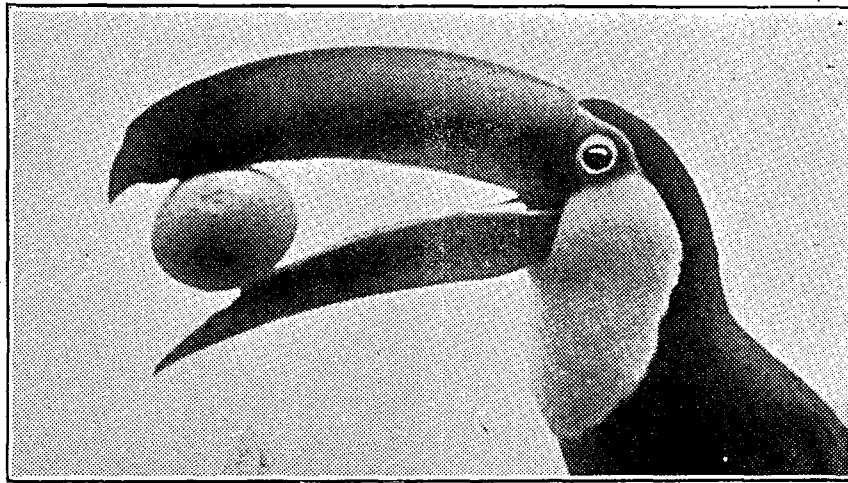
It is understood that these teeth are to go to the Pacific Islands, where they will be used as coinage.

Shark Fisheries was recently formed in an effort to turn the "terror of Australian waters" into a paying proposition. At certain times sharks abound round the Australian beaches.

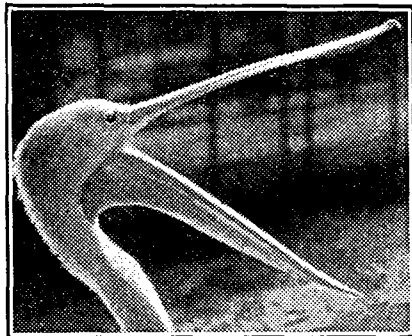
The teeth are not the only part of the shark which is useful. The skin makes a fine-grained, long-wearing leather; the oil from it is used for certain maladies as well as for tempering steel; stearine for soap-making is another product; and shark meat is a favourite dish in Asia and the Pacific Islands.

The Shark Fisheries Company has erected a machine at a cost of £6000, and is having special boats fitted up for catching the monsters.

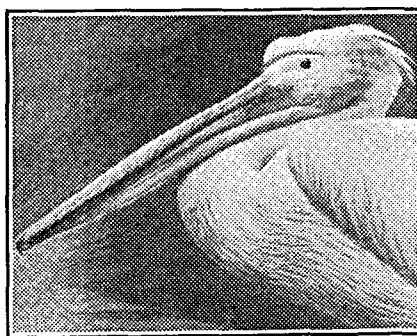
BIG BILLS AT THE ZOO



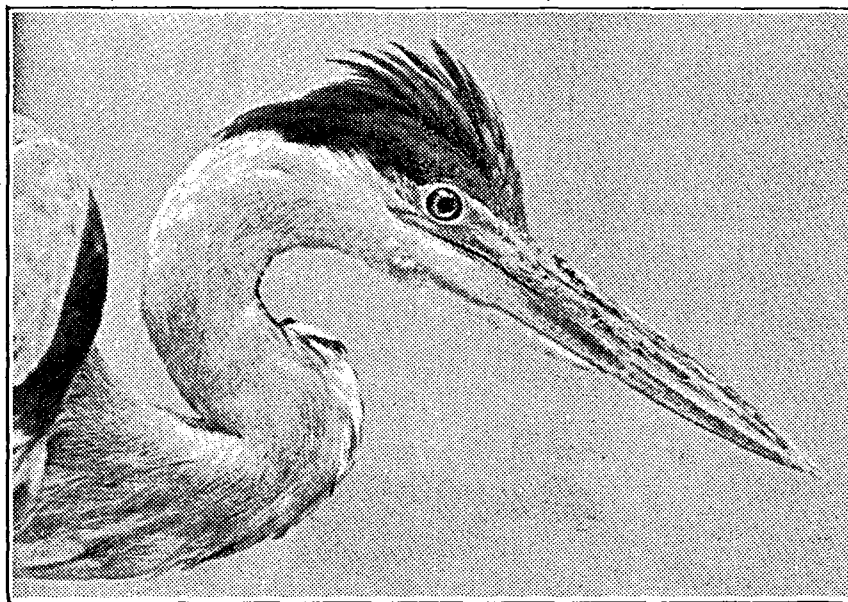
A toucan about to crack an egg



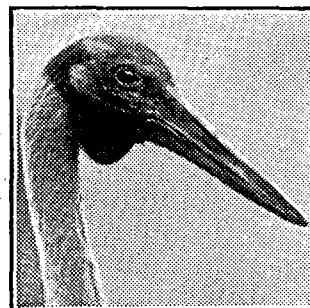
The pelican opens his huge bill



A white pelican taking a rest



A South American heron in a bad temper



An Australian crane



A scarlet ibis



A black-necked stork



The ugly, vulture-like guinea-fowl



The cruel beak of a vulture

Many of the birds at the Zoo have very big bills, and some of them are shown in these pictures recently taken at dinner-time. Some of the birds seemed very hungry, while others appeared to care little about its being meal-time.

KINDNESS IS ALWAYS WITH US

THE YEOMAN AND THE SUNDAY LOAVES

A Beautiful Christmas Idea From Regent Street

KEEPING THE CHILDREN WARM

The other day a stranger went to church in an old Suffolk town.

He was surprised to see about thirty fine, crusty loaves in the porch, and found his thoughts wandering to the strange sight during the service. If it had been earlier in the year he might have thought it a harvest festival offering, but in the winter he could find no reason for it.

That afternoon he revisited the church porch to see if he could find any clue to the mystery. Only two loaves were then left. On a stone slab he read this inscription:

In the year 1638 John Sayer of this Parish, Yeoman, devised Lands in Melton, in Trust that the rents thereof should be applied in providing Bread for the poor of this Parish every Sabbath day for ever.

So for nearly three hundred years John Sayer's kindly thought has been serving the poor of his town. He evidently was not rich enough to found an almshouse or a school, but he did not therefore despair of doing a last good turn. "At least (he said) my little corner of England will earn enough money to give the poorest folk something to eat on Sunday."

John Sayer's Good Turn

Too often Man's fine schemes come to nothing. It is pleasant to think that old John Sayer's dream did not fail, and that his kind thought has been thought-in-action for three centuries.

There are still people like John Sayer alive. Only the other day we read an appeal made by a fashionable modiste in Regent Street who asked other business houses to help to clothe poor children at Christmas-time. Every firm has short lengths which are sold at absurd prices to a job buyer twice a year, and it is suggested that they should, instead, be sorted out at Christmas-time and handed over to the members of the staff who are willing to help. The modiste offers her employees a prize for the best child's coat or dress made from these remnants, and then all the garments are turned over to one of the big charitable organisations, who see that they are given to deserving cases.

If every firm did this, she says, there would hardly be one cold child in London at Christmas-time.

What a difference there seems to be between an old Suffolk yeoman of Charles Stuart's day and the fashionable modiste of 1927! Yet there is little difference at the heart of them. Kind folk both of them, and, luckily for the poor, practical people as well.

THE MAN WHO WOULD SAVE THE WORLD

Who would not wish to be the man to save the world?

It is a fame not likely to come to any single man, but Mr. John Oxenham has given us a little book which C.N. readers will very much like to read, telling the story of a man, a rich man and a soldier, who tried to put this old world right. It was after the war, and the soldier, who had been through the war as a colonel, made up his mind as to the secret of the world's troubles. The world must come back to God, he said, and he dedicated his life to this great crusade.

What happens is told in John Oxenham's familiar way in *The Man Who Would Save the World*, published by Longmans at 4s. 6d.

A BATCH OF OLD FRIENDS

JUST WHAT THE NURSERY WANTS

The Five-Shilling Way to a Merry Christmas

GIVE HIM A BOOK

The time is very near when we must choose our Christmas gifts, and the art of a wise selection lies in finding something that will give great satisfaction and lasting enjoyment.

There are so many things one would like that it may be difficult to make up your mind, but the problem is easily solved if you decide on books.

Already many shops are displaying an excellent variety of Christmas Annuals suitable for boys and girls of all ages. These special gift books are bound in brightly-coloured covers and contain the very best stories, articles, jokes, puzzles, and a host of new games. Many happy hours can be spent with these books, and you will soon discover that they outlive many other gifts.

An Ideal Gift

Cassell's Children's Annual (5s.) is an ideal gift for boys and girls. It contains adventure, fairy, animal, and humorous stories, as well as dainty verse. Little Folks (5s.) is an excellent volume, brimful of originality. Its school and adventure stories provide much merriment. It also has Nature, Library, and Dramatic Clubs, Plays, Pets, and Pastimes pages.

Another good book is the British Boy's Annual (5s.). Its thrilling stories of mystery and adventure make excellent reading. Then there is the British Girl's Annual (5s.), which will prove as big a favourite as ever, with its jolly stories and a number of helpful articles.

Schoolgirls of any age will appreciate the enthralling stories in the Golden Annual (4s. 6d.). It does not matter what kind of tale boys like best; they will find enjoyment in every page of the Champion Annual (6s.).

School Adventures

The boys of St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood Schools are old favourites, and their adventures form exciting reading in the Holiday Annual (6s.). Billy Bunter, the world's funniest schoolboy, Harry Wharton, Tom Merry, and their jolly chums are all there.

A book that will appeal to many boys is Hobby Annual (6s.), a wonderful how-to-make book explaining in a simple way how things work and how things can be made at home. It is well illustrated with photographs, diagrams, and drawings. Some of the interesting subjects dealt with are model aeroplanes, boats, railways, fretwork, photography, and home engineering. Whatever your hobby may be this is the book to help you.

No character is more popular today with young folk than Tiger Tim. His exploits and those of his happy companions, the Bruin Boys, give much enjoyment. The boy or girl who receives a copy of Tiger Tim's Annual (6s.) or Playbox (6s.) will find their old friends still full of fun.

Stories and Pictures

Playtime and Puck (both 6s.) are full of delightful stories and amusing pictures; and every schoolgirl will appreciate the fine stories and articles in School Friend Annual (6s.). When they have read them once they will be anxious to read them again. Another firm favourite is Schoolgirl's Own (6s.).

A gift worth having is Chums Annual (12s. 6d.), a great book, with 832 pages of splendid reading.

All these Annuals are capital, and you cannot do better than choose one this year. They are friends always at your side, responsive to every mood, at your service at all seasons. They will help you to spend a very merry Christmas.

A GOVERNMENT'S GOOD DEED

And its Great Reward

GOOD TIDINGS COME FROM NEW ZEALAND

A little while ago the Government decided to open up a tract of land at Ahipara, North Auckland, in order to find work for the unemployed. Now they have been rewarded, for a rich kauri gum field has been discovered, and it is expected to yield about two thousand pounds an acre.

Kauri gum resembles amber, which is a fossil resin. Where kauri gum is found in the earth there stood a forest of giant pine trees long ago. The kauri pine still grows in New Zealand, though forest fires have swept away many trees and the timber merchant is steadily felling the rest. The kauri pine is a magnificent tree with a trunk like a column, from 80 to 150 feet high. Its wood is easy to work and very durable, and its half-fossilised gum is used for varnish or as imitation amber.

Magic Amber

True amber is sometimes called succinite, because it is the only fossil resin to yield a good proportion of succinic acid. It is chiefly found on the shores of the Baltic and North Seas, where men dredge for it, dive for it, and mine for it.

From the earliest times amber has been prized, and amber ornaments have been found in ancient tombs the world over. It was supposed to possess magical qualities, and so it surely does, for when we rub it does not electricity come out of it?

THE COW THAT WENT SHOPPING

And the Dog that Called at the Palace

Peter Puck is greatly interested in the discovery that cows can read.

The other day some cows were being driven through Skipton High Street when one suddenly turned into Messrs. Thorneycroft's furniture shop and walked through the showroom.

Why did she do it? It is strange but true that over the doorway is a notice: *Please walk in; Inspection invited.*

Such proof of the cow's intelligence would convince any disciple of the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

Peter Puck notes also that at least one dog reads the Rhymes of Mother Goose.

The other day a pet fox terrier named Spot was missing from his home in Highgate. His owners organised a frantic search and telephoned to the police, quite certain he had been stolen.

At last the telephone bell rang and a voice said: "Your dog has been found at Buckingham Palace."

Like the cat in the rhyme, the dog had been up to London to look at the Queen, but we understand that, unlike the cat in the rhyme, he failed to find a little mouse under her chair.

We can imagine him recounting his adventures to cronies afterwards.

"Buckingham Palace? I shouldn't want it for my home. There was no straw, and I didn't see a single bone. Give me my own kennel, I say."

Spot is undoubtedly an impudent fellow, and some kings would have had him sent to the Tower for breaking into a palace where even Prime Ministers do not go uninvited.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aldebaran	'Al-deb-ah-ran
Baikal	By-kahl
Camelot	Kam-e-lot
Kauri	Kah-co-re
Koweit	Ko-wait
Orkhon	Or-kone

TWO VERY GOOD FELLOWS

KINDLY OLD PRIESTS AND THEIR FLOCKS

The Cassock that Came to the Rescue of the Ragged Waistcoats

GOSPEL OF SACRIFICE

Two true stories of French priests come our way, and we give them gladly, for they are really refreshing.

They are told by an Englishman who lived in France and in whose parish one of the very men lived. He was a fine old fellow, but careless of his personal appearance, and when he was asked out to dinner he used to ink over the places in his black cotton cassock which were particularly shabby. One day the bishop summoned him to his palace, and, noticing his shabbiness, reproved him.

But the old priest gave away all he had, and did not think of spending it on himself. Nevertheless, the ladies of his parish, hearing of the rebuke, clubbed together, and gave him a good new silk cassock. The bishop was informed, smiled with approbation, and commanded the curé again to come and eat with him. But the reply was "Alas! Monseigneur, a month ago I could have come, for I had a new cassock, but now I have it no more, and so cannot come."

Cutting Up the Cassock

It turned out that some poor little boys who had come to be catechized had ragged waistcoats and could not make a decent appearance at church, and the curé had suddenly bethought himself that his cassock was big enough to make several boys' waistcoats, and had had it cut up for that purpose.

The next story is also authentic. It concerns also a selfless French country priest. One of his flock, coming to visit him, noticed that, though it was bitterly cold, he had no fire. He confessed that he had no fuel. The lady went away, and arranged to send him a stove and a load of wood. A few weeks afterwards she called again, penetrated into his sitting-room, and saw neither stove nor fire! How was that?

The good priest was almost ashamed as he stammered his little confession: "There is a very poor woman near here who has a little child. She had no fire. How could I sit here basking while she was shivering and feeble? It is no use. I could not stand it!"

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Prime Minister receives 800 letters by every morning's post.

Hebrew is used on the new Palestine coinage for the first time since ancient days.

A new electrical spraying and brushing machine now cleans a tram in one minute.

Rheumatism costs the insurance societies about £40,000 a year in benefits.

A Fly's Journey

A boy writes to us from Colchester to say that a fly flew out of a tin that had come to him 500 miles by post.

A Crowded Church

Owing to the crowded congregations at the Temple Church it has become necessary to issue admission tickets.

The Silent Bells

Worcester Cathedral bells are in such a bad condition at present that they cannot be rung.

Advertisements Barred

Eight Post Office kiosks are to be set up in the City of London, and no advertisements are to be allowed inside or out.

A Question for Somerset

A correspondent suggests that the rising anger against stag hunting will result in the deer of Exmoor being exterminated, and asks if it would not be better to exterminate cruelty instead?

FLOOD SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE HILLS

An Algerian Disaster

HOW THE TELEPHONE SAVED A TOWN'S INHABITANTS

"The dam is bursting; sound the tocsin!" was the signal shouted over the telephone to the Mayor of Perrégaux from the great Wad Fergug Barrage in the French Colony of Algeria one night not long ago.

The sender was M. Avargues, one of the barrage officials. Tremendous rains were bringing down torrents from the Atlas Mountains, dislodging great rocks and stones, and he had become anxious about the result. At the risk of his life he had climbed up to the dam in the night to watch the effects of the pressure.

His message saved thousands of lives. When, 40 minutes later, the flood swept down on Perrégaux all its 7000 inhabitants had had time to move to safety on high ground.

Street Disappears

But another Algerian town, Mostaganem, had no M. Avargues, and indeed no man could have saved it, for here the rains burst a conduit passing right under the town to the harbour beyond. The result was that a whole street in the European quarter, including the Courts of Justice and 60 large buildings, simply disappeared. Where they had stood a ravine appeared, 60 feet deep. In it, besides the buildings, at least 160 people, men, women, and children were engulfed. Near by the more flimsily-built Moorish cafés, crowded with natives, were swept into the harbour.

In a room of one of the engulfed houses as it fell an entire family were struggling to loosen the iron bars which held them in and calling for help which no one could give. When all was over a baby was found asleep and unhurt on the edge of the ravine!

Elsewhere trains were marooned by the floods and food had to be brought by aeroplane. The damage has been very grave, and large areas may go out of cultivation for lack of the water stored in the dam.

THE WILD DUCK'S MATE

A Tale for All Who Go A-Shooting

A lovely story has just been told in a great American newspaper showing how the good qualities of God's humbler creatures may teach human beings to be humane. We commend it to all who go a-shooting.

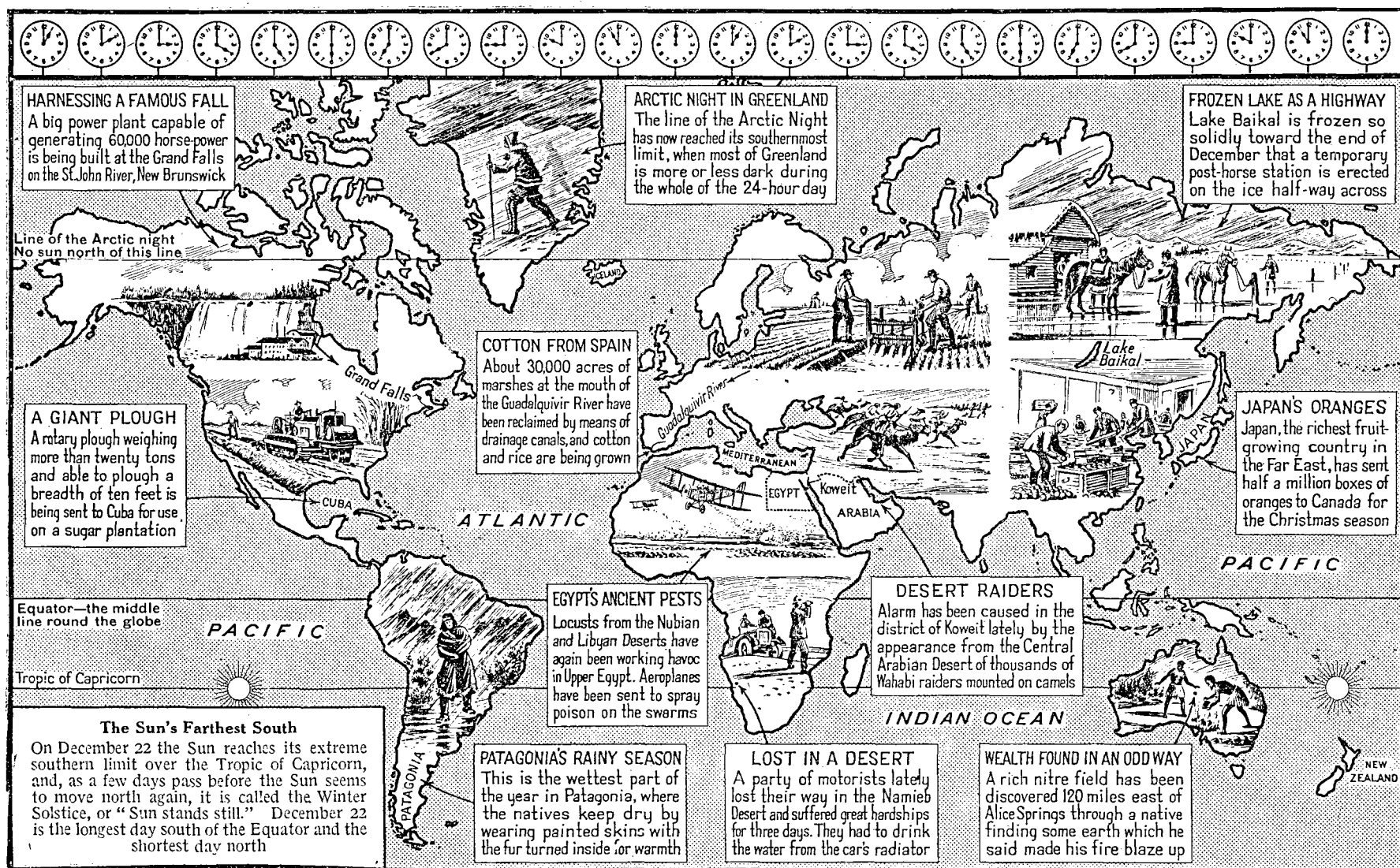
A pair of wild ducks rose together from a swamp outside New York within shooting distance of a man with a gun. He fired, and felt sure he had made a hit, but, to his disgust, the birds winged their way beyond his reach. A little later two ducks were seen perched on the ventilation tower of a big New York hotel. The duke was wounded, and his mate would not leave him.

The manager of the hotel ascended the tower, and the faithful duck flapped her wings round his head to prevent his seizing her mate, but still he caught the injured bird. Then the faithful companion allowed herself to be caught too.

The chief cook was delighted when the birds were brought to the kitchen, but the heart of the manager had been touched by the devotion he had witnessed, and he handed the birds, not to the cook, but to the hotel doctor, who extracted the gunman's shots and bandaged the wing. The injured bird recovered, comforted in his wired-in pen on the roof by the presence of his mate, and when he was fit the two birds were given their liberty together in the presence of the admiring visitors to the hotel, while enterprising pressmen photographed the scene.

The whole world ought to hear of that loyal duck and that kindly hotel manager; but what of the man with the gun?

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LET US BE FRIENDS The Big Peace Book of Geneva

As a new way of learning facts of current history which we fail to find in the daily paper a reading of the gigantic volume in which the League registers treaties is intensely interesting.

The latest additions have been made by Italy. There are four.

With Spain it is a treaty of friendship, conciliation, and judicial settlement which is to last for ten years. So, too, is the one made with Hungary, also for ten years; here the word arbitration is used instead of judicial settlement. With Rumania it is a pact of friendly and cordial collaboration to last for five years, and the agreement is to support international order and to observe and carry out all obligations undertaken in treaties such as the Covenant. The fourth is a treaty of friendship and economic relations with Yemen, a province of Arabia, to encourage trade between the two countries. The Yemen Government wants to develop the country, and for that purpose to import from Italy material, machines, and trained men.

"Constant peace and perpetual friendship" are the terms used in the treaties. They are brave words. Let us have them everywhere translated into deeds.

THE RIVIERA £5 NOTE What a Judge Would Do

If I were a legislator instead of being a judge I am not at all sure that I would not bring in a Bill that everybody who went away for the winter to the Riviera should give £5 to the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

After all, if you are rich enough to fly away from your country because of its climate in the winter you ought to be rich enough to give something for the children to get a little of the summer when they have borne the winter in this country—and the winter in the slums.

Lord Carson, speaking with the Prince of Wales

BEST ROADS IN THE WORLD What We Have Done

We spend a great sum on road-making, and we deserve the satisfaction of knowing that we probably have the best road system in the world.

Sir Henry Maybury, our Director-General of Roads, has been giving us that assurance. Our little Britain has 287,000 miles of roads, he tells us, vested in 2000 local authorities, and we spend 45 million pounds a year on them.

In the last seven years we have built 200 miles of new arterial roads in the London neighbourhood, and about as much in the provinces, at a cost of over thirty millions.

AN AFRICAN GENTLEMAN Carrying Livingstone Toward the Abbey

An English clergyman writes from Kenya to remind the world that a man is still alive who was with Livingstone when he died and helped to carry his body 1500 miles on its way to the Abbey.

This survivor is a native who lives at Frere Town, opposite the Island of Mombasa, and his name is Matthew Wellington. The Englishman, Mr. W. J. Rampley, of the Church Missionary Society, thinks a public tribute should be paid to "this African gentleman."

THE PICTURE AT THE BELL-PUSH

Tourists in a foreign country are sometimes puzzled to know what to do at hotels to call the waiter, the maid, or the valet. To obviate this difficulty one of the leading hotels in Paris has adopted the good idea of placing beside the electric bell-pushes pictures illustrating the various servants in attendance, so that all you have to do is to press the knob of the bell for the person you want!

YOUNG KING KOALA How He Was Saved

Old King Cole never had as many loving subjects as the two young koalas which have come to live at the Zoo.

These pretty little creatures are very like Teddy Bears, and they are almost as friendly as they are furry. They will climb up a visitor and perch on his shoulder, and will accept bread and biscuits as readily as a London pigeon. In a few weeks they have become immensely popular.

The authorities are heaving a sigh of relief, for at one time it was feared the koalas might die. Their natural diet is eucalyptus leaf, and although a large consignment was sent across the ocean with them the greedy little creatures ate it all up in a twinkling. With that gone where was more to come from?

As soon as the news got round parcels of eucalyptus leaves began to arrive from all over England. The Zoo had never guessed that so many eucalyptus trees flourished on this foggy island. Supplies came in capfuls and sackfuls, and now there is no fear at all that young King Koala will die for want of his proper food.

THE END OF 10,000 CASES A War Court Finishes Its Work

One more war institution, the War Compensation Court, is coming to an end at last.

This Court dealt with losses caused by the Government taking over hotels, works, and other buildings, docks, lands, and so on, and in other ways interfering with business in its war administration.

In twelve years the Court has held nearly 2000 sittings and heard nearly ten thousand applications. It has considered claims for compensation amounting to 16 million pounds, and has made awards amounting to something over half that sum.

A GOOD THING THAT HAS HAPPENED No Monument to Victory CHANGED MOOD OF THE NATION

A doctor came from Berlin to attend an international conference in London.

"What do you think is the most interesting thing about our city?" asked an Englishman.

The German replied: "The thing that impresses me most is the fact that there is no memorial to Victory."

It is a striking thought. In ancient times there was always a monument to Victory. The Romans built triumphal arches, Napoleon glorified his campaigns, and England called Trafalgar Square and Waterloo Station after victories.

But the mood has changed. Our greatest war memorial is the Cenotaph, sacred to the memory of the dead, and there even an old enemy may stand in reverence.

The German doctor knows now that the British Government spoke truth when it said it desired peace, and he will go back and tell his people to trust it. Out of distrust comes fear, and out of fear comes war. It may be that the absence of a memorial to Victory will do more than many peace conferences to prevent another war.

THE FILM IN THE BUS

Of course, sooner or later, we shall have a cinematograph show in every tram and bus, and of course the advertisement agents will begin it.

They have begun it already in Paris. A small cinematograph projector has been fixed under the roof of a motor-bus, throwing moving pictures and announcements on a small screen on the partition behind the driver.

Of course it will be interesting and exciting, but we shall get terribly tired of these moving pictures long before the bus owners stop them.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 17 1927

Drifting

It is a pleasant thing on a hot summer afternoon when the tide is with us to ship oars and drift with the stream; pleasant, that is to say, for a time; nobody wants to drift for long.

But it is not a pleasant sight to watch a ship drifting in stormy seas, with its masts fallen and its engines idle. A ship may drift for a while, but if it can do nothing but drift it has ceased to be a ship, and has become a hulk.

After all, the business of a boat or a ship is not done by drifting. The crew must be able to go against winds and tides. A boat is a place for hard work and skill. If you see a boat at a distance drifting down the stream you may say, "I don't know whether there is a crew; they may be there asleep, but there is nothing to show they are there." But if you see a boat moving against the stream you know there must be a crew aboard.

In the affairs of human life there is no place for those who are simply drifters. We know well enough what it is to drift in our school or in our life out of school. The drifter does not go against the stream. He does the things that are easy, and leaves the rest. Sometimes the tide is with him, and he goes along smoothly; but the time comes when a hard thing has to be done, and he has not the will or the energy to do it. Nobody drifts into the first eleven.

Wise men have told us that our life is like a battle, or a race, or a long journey, or a voyage through seas which may be stormy; and all these pictures tell the same story. In the battle of life there is no room for spectators. In the game of life we are all players, and must take sides. The journey of life is not to be covered by any vehicle; you must trudge on your own feet. The voyage is not for those who drift.

If we think of it, it is easy to drift into lazy and bad habits. If we do not take up our oars and pull we are pretty certain to reach the places of danger and be helpless there. If we drift we shall never win our way to the fine and noble things. Those who pull with all their might against stream have the best of it.

Or, if we want to put the same truth in another way, character is *won* in this life; it is not given away to those who will not fight and work for it. The only prizes worth having in the world are not the reward of those who idle away their time, however rich they may be. The tides will never carry us to the beautiful and noble things. To find these we must pull hard, with the tide against us and the wind in our faces. No drifting, please, dear young folk coming on.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The C.N.'s Loneliest Reader

THE C.N. has been in many interesting places; it finds its way, by many a cottage and many a palace, to the ends of the Earth. We wonder if it has a more lonely reader than our friend Stanley Chant, who sits reading it down in the earth at Ebbw Vale in South Wales. We are very pleased to have this note from him:

It is very interesting, reading from time to time of the different places the C.N. is being sent to and read.

But perhaps you and your readers would be surprised to hear where my C.N. goes to. My work is at the bottom of a shaft 165 yards deep in Ebbw Vale, South Wales, where a large pump is situated. Being down the pit entirely alone, I find the C.N. a very good companion for an hour or two. When read it is sent to a very remote place in Somerset.

We have been very glad to send our friend a copy of Arthur Mee's Pocket Bible to keep the C.N. company.

The Tulips are Coming

THERE was a time when tulips were very valuable things. This we learn from the poet of gardens, Andrew Marvell, who sang:

The tulip white did for complexion seek;
And learned to interline its cheek;
Its onion root they then so high did hold
That one was for a meadow sold.

This sounds a little like poetic licence, but it is not. A learned writer who has just given us a full new edition of Marvell's poems tells us that in the years from 1634 to 1637 tulip bulbs were sold in Holland by weight, like precious stones. A bulb of ten grammes is recorded to have fetched 5500 florins, 550 times the value of a sheep in those days. We can get them cheaper now, and, though we are almost too poor to pay our taxes, we are looking forward to seeing thousands of them come up on a Kent hilltop.

The Gorilla's Good-night

GORILLAS do not tell their children bedtime stories and tuck them up, but there is something very human about Father Gorilla's behaviour at sleeping-time.

From a carefully disguised hiding-place Dr. N. A. Dyce Sharp, of the Nigerian Medical Service, watched a gorilla family at sleeping-time, and this is what he saw.

First Father Gorilla sent the women-folk upstairs to bed. In other words, he drove them up a tree, where they made themselves a big nest. Then the old fellow prepared his own bed by tearing down a quantity of boughs, which he dumped at the foot of the tree. There he lay, guarding his family, having chosen the post of danger.

The gorilla is a hideous monster, but has he not a touch of chivalry?

It is vain to be incensed against circumstances; they are deaf to your wrath.

Euripides

Another Quarrel

WE are sorry to see a new quarrel growing up between Welshmen and Scotsmen.

It began when the captain at a Welsh dinner said that they all knew why Scotsmen left home, but Welshmen stopped at home because when the Romans came to Britain the Welsh retired to the best part of the island, and there they had remained.

As Englishmen we leave it to them, but we wish them peace.

Tip-Cat

WHEN people tell a story, writes an author, they usually embroider it. That is what makes it a story.

A NEW South American stamp is three inches square. When not in use it can be worn as a chest-protector.

A THIEF has stolen several bottles of medicine from a doctor's house.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the eye of a needle is its point of view

He noticed that they were labelled To Be Taken.

FEW men have a will of their own. They prefer a legacy in somebody else's.

THE Artificial Age is said to be coming. The man who said so is believed to have made it up.

NEWSPAPERS publish a photograph of a strong man allowing a motor-car to pass

over him. If he were stronger he would not allow it to do so.

RATHER odd that the mechanical hare has brought us the mechanical bookmaker.

Good Plays in Little Theatres

IT has often been said that the public gets the plays it wants. If that is so the public must want very poor plays in these days.

What must strike many people as very strange is that two of the very best plays in London (Marigold and The Red Umbrella) have been appearing in two of the smallest theatres, and one of them has stopped.

The Fallen Leaf

It well might look a thing of grief,
A symbol of decay,
This hapless thing, this fallen leaf.
That once was green and gay,
That flourished in the growing time,
The budding, singing, glowing time,
And now is whirled away.

But light as waves on coral reef
It dances on its way,
This happy thing, this golden leaf,
As though it longed to say:
Although it is the blowing time,
The freezing, fading, snowing time,
My heart is full of May!

On a Sunday Morning Long Ago

These charming lines were written on the first Sunday of spring 42 years ago, but have not been printed till now, when their writer is a famous man of 81, keeping young by reading the C.N.

UPON a Sabbath morning sweet
Of March, so bright and mild
It seemed like April stolen to meet
And soothe her brother wild,
I, standing at my garden's side,
Heard voices from above,
And, looking up, with joy espied
The children of my love.

FOUR radiant cherubs in a row
Beside the casement bars;
Beyond them bluest heaven, below
The golden jessamine stars.
They stood and sang their angel hymn

In notes so fresh and true
A sudden mist my eyes made dim
With tears of happiest dew.

Alfred Perceval Graves

God's Messenger

WHILE the people of Ryhope, near Sunderland, listened with heads bent to the prayer their pastor offered up on the village green on Armistice Sunday a white dove appeared as if from nowhere, to circle over the congregation and to flutter down on to the War Memorial.

There it rested till the service was ended and the village procession marched away. In other days it would have been acclaimed a miracle. So, indeed, perhaps it was.

May it not have been something more than the silence which drew it into the midst of the people praying on the village green? May it not have been that in those solemn moments, when all hearts were opened and all desires known, some of the prayers and hopes of all men and women on Remembrance Day escaped from their bosoms and filled the very air with the longing for Peace?

To that prayer the dove came as an answer, God's messenger and promise.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THERE is good news of the Devon and Somerset Hunt. They are not to hunt so cruelly in the future.

The pursuit of a hunted stag which escapes into the sea is to be stopped.

So the pressure of public opinion has triumphed once again, and the C.N. congratulates all who have helped to win this step forward in civilisation. We are one step nearer to Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

Now when the poor stag flees from its pitiless hunters the motor-boat will pursue it no more; it will die in the merciful sea:

Three hundred gentlemen able to ride,
Three hundred horses gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out, till he sank in the Severn Sea.

The quickest way to make yourself miserable is to start wondering why you are not happier. William Feather

December 17, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE SLAVE GIRL'S STORY

LIFE OF LITTLE MISS CHAN

How She Came Into the Empire of Freedom

A WONDERFUL NURSE

This is the true and marvellous story of little Miss Chan.

She was born free, and was one of the merriest little maids in China as she played with her baby sister. Always little Miss Chan has been loved for her sunny nature and warm heart.

One day a terrible thing happened. Her parents took her to a strange house and left her there. Little Miss Chan learned that they had sold her, and that she was now a slave girl.

An English child could not imagine a more cruel betrayal. This child might have been dreadfully ill-used, and she might never have seen her home again. But, happily for her and for her baby sister, who had been sold to another owner, each mistress proved a kind one, and another fortunate thing was that one mistress took little Miss Chan to Canada.

Thought of Her Baby Sister

Freedom followed, of course, and then Miss Chan had to choose a career for herself. Her warm heart led her to desire to nurse the suffering, and her natural intelligence made it possible for her to obtain a diploma as a fully-trained nurse, and she entered a Canadian hospital.

Directly she was earning little Miss Chan thought of her young slave sister in China. She had heard of a girls' boarding-school at Fatsan run by missionaries, and she was able to arrange that the child should become a pupil. The fees were paid by the little Chinese nurse working in Canada. She sorely needed the money, for she longed to save up in order to return to China, but she put that dream aside.

Back to China

Then another good thing happened. The hospital run by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission at Fatsan was being enlarged, and Chinese girls were to be taken as probationer nurses; but the English matron was new to China and could not speak the language fluently. While this difficulty was being discussed by the missionaries one day the principal of the girls' school brought out a letter from little Nurse Chan in Canada in which she promised to send more money for her sister's maintenance and expressed herself in such a way that the missionaries at once felt, "Here is the very helper for us!"

So they sent little Miss Chan her fare, and made her assistant-matron. Everyone at once fell in love with her sunny face, and soon they found that she was marvellously efficient. For three years the ex-slave girl has given lectures on anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, and has trained many capable nurses.

Why She Left Canada

After the anti-English strike Miss Chan had to run the hospital unaided for a year, and was responsible for some fourteen young nurses and all the equipment. One day soldiers came and marched her off to the strike headquarters in Canton, where she might have been shot. In the end, however, she was released, and she immediately took up her work again, as cheerful and calm as ever.

From slave girl to fully-trained matron is a big step, and Agnes Chan's story is very wonderful; but the most wonderful part of all is her reason for her return to China to take up a rather badly-paid post when she had highly-paid work in Canada.

"I want to return," she wrote, "to see my parents again."

Was ever a child's love more faithful and forgiving?

PETER PAN'S HOME

Great changes have been taking place in a famous little house near the northern entrance to the Broad Walk of Kensington Gardens.

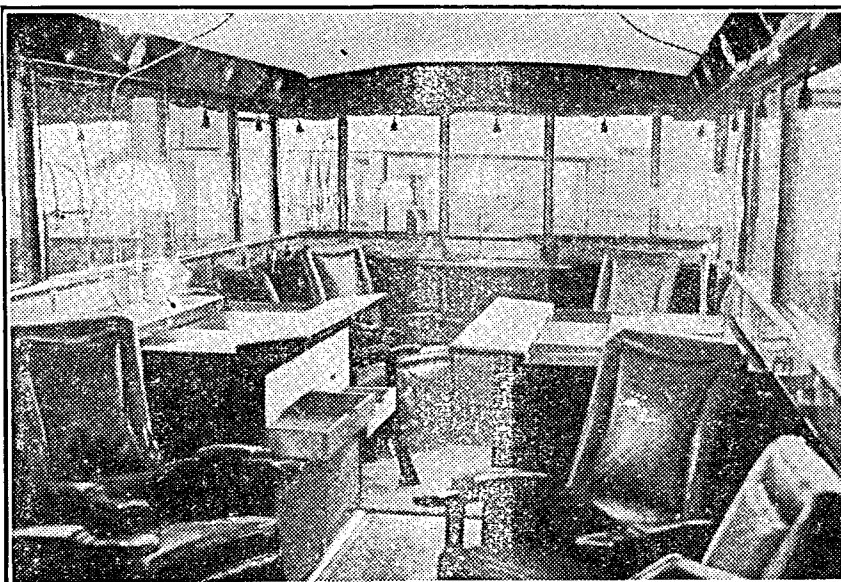
It is the house where Peter Pan was born, and now it has been taken by Lady Hilton Young, the famous sculptor, formerly Lady Scott, wife of our immortal Polar hero.

There is a house called Peter Pan's House, next to Lancaster Gate, and closer to the Peter Pan statue, but that is not the place where Sir James Barrie wrote his wonderful immortal fantasy. Barrie's is the house Lady Scott has taken, and there Lady Scott used to visit him. Here she is beginning work on the great statue of the late Edwin Montagu,

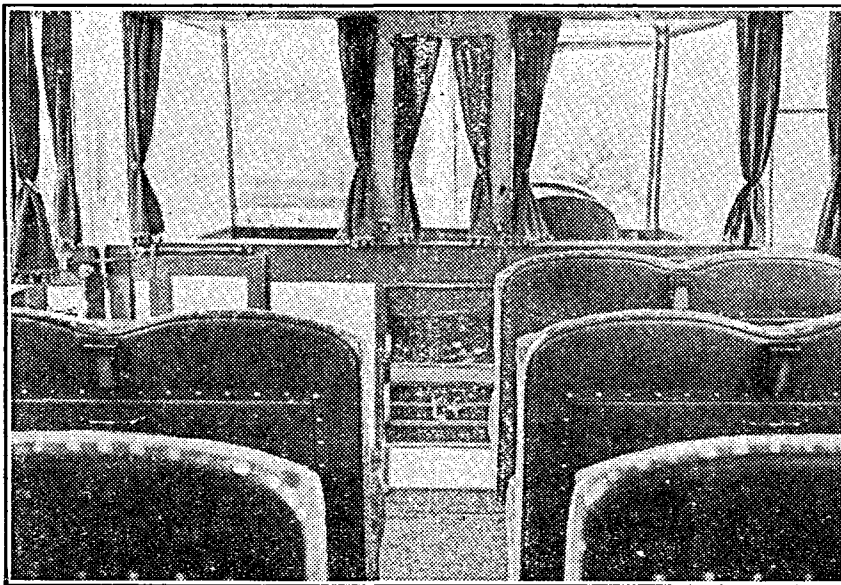
who gave his name to the system of Indian political reforms which once caused so great a controversy. The statue is to be set up in the gardens of the new Council Chamber in Calcutta.

In her dining-room Lady Hilton Young has bronze heads of many great men who have sat to her, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin, and Lord Reading among them. In her garden is a bust of Gustave Hamel, the aviator who was lost in the Channel just before the war, and in her studio are the heads and figures of many distinguished men and women. But for one face and figure you may search in vain; the creator of Peter Pan is not there, and nothing will induce him to sit.

WARMTH AND COMFORT ON THE ROAD



A buffet and a wash-basin in a motor-coach



A charabanc fitted with a fireplace

In the days before railways people travelled by road in slow and uncomfortable stage-coaches, and now long journeys by road are once more becoming popular owing to the speed and comfort of modern motor-coaches, which are vastly different from the old coaches. These pictures show two examples of the luxurious appointments of up-to-date motor-coaches.

YORKSHIRE BEATS THE WORLD

WHERE are the skippers of the South? Must it be left to Yorkshire to uphold alone the honour of Great Britain against all-comers with the skipping-rope?

These questions are prompted by a letter we have received from Wombwell, correcting the impression that the skipping-rope championship had been won and held by Kitty McHale, an Irish girl.

It had been; and tribute to Kitty's prowess was paid in the C.N. some weeks ago, when she hopped beneath the encircling rope 3028 times without stopping. That was Ireland's answer to the performance of Gracie Whyke, of Wombwell, who had skipped 1722 times.

But Yorkshire was not done with. Gracie Whyke was ready for all-comers. Without a tremor this slim little girl of 13 started to beat the world at 72 hops a minute. She went on for more

than 20 minutes at that rate, and then looked round, rather flushed with the heat and exertion, at the scorer. They opened more windows.

Gracie went on with more skips, and more oftener to the minute, till she had reached 3500. There had been a rumour that a blind boy, Joseph Wilson, at the Yorkshire School for the Blind, had skipped 3652 hops, and had then left off because the school bell rang for bedtime.

So Gracie Whyke of Wombwell set out to beat that record, too, and whipped up her skipping-rope to 90 another minute till she had reached the total of 3687 hops.

Then her proud but anxious father signalled her to stop, and she rested on her record and her laurels. She had skipped for 51 mins. 27 secs. without stopping, and we are not without pride in the fact that she is a C.N. reader.

STEEPLEJACK'S MAGIC

SAVING A FALLING CHIMNEY

Extraordinary Achievement of Yorkshire Workmen

LEANING STACK PUT STRAIGHT

It is an exciting thing to see a chimney fall, but to save a chimney from falling may be almost as exciting.

It must have been so in the case of the great chimney at Wigan which has just been brought back to the perpendicular after being a full 30 inches out for many months. The chimney, a familiar landmark for 40 years, belongs to a cotton mill. It is 180 feet high and 60 feet round at the base, and the walls are two feet thick. It contains over 250,000 bricks and weighs over 1000 tons.

A Difficult Problem

The list was due to mining, and if the chimney had collapsed it would have fallen into the middle of the mill. A celebrated firm of steeplejacks and chimney-builders was called in from Huddersfield. Their problem was how to correct the list without bringing the whole thing toppling down.

As the lean of the chimney was due to the lowering of the ground at the base it was at the base that the lean had to be corrected. That could be done either by forcing in more material on the side toward which the chimney leaned or by removing material on the side it leaned away from. The second course was chosen.

But what a small amount must be removed to make the top of a chimney 180 feet high move a horizontal 30 inches! How easily it could be made to move too far! This is how it was done.

How the Work Was Done

First of all the lower part of the chimney, near where the cut was to be made, was strengthened with iron bands joined by nuts and bolts which allowed for contraction and expansion through cold and heat. Then, with long chisels and heavy sledge-hammers, bricks were removed to make room for 35 special patent jacks. Then the cut was completed so that there was one long narrow slit the shape of a segment of an orange, only much thinner, and going more than half way round.

Now came the crucial moment. Slowly and steadily the 35 jacks were lowered, each a fraction of an inch at a time. Slowly and steadily one side of the chimney settled down level with the other side. Slowly and steadily the top of the chimney moved, like the point of Big Ben's minute hand in the minute before the hour, till at last it once more pointed straight to the zenith of the heavens.

Closing the Gap

Then the 35 jacks stood still. The new gap was closed, and nothing remained but to withdraw them and to fill the holes made for their admission—nothing, that is, but to make sure that the chimney now was exactly where it should be.

So up went a steeplejack to the top, and down dropped a plumbline from his hands. On the two sides of the chimney, half way between the centre of the list and the centre of the section cut, chalk lines had been made straight up and down the brickwork. Before the operations began the plumbline had fallen 30 inches to one side of these chalk lines; now, as it was placed once more in position, it exactly coincided first with one and then with the other. The task of these clever men had been exactly fulfilled. Could they, we wonder, straighten Pisa's leaning tower?

THE PEACEFUL PRINCE OF ANNAM

HOW UNIVERSAL ACCORD LOST HIS THRONE

A Clever Daughter Brings Honour to Her Father's Name

PRINCESS ENGINEER

Once upon a time, not in the far-off ages of myths and fables but in 1884, there lived in the Far East a young sovereign who ascended the throne of Annam at fourteen. As he was a lover of peace, the young king chose for himself the auspicious name of Ham Nghi, or Universal Accord. But events were soon stronger than this symbolical title. War broke out with France, and Ham Nghi was cornered in his own entrenchments.

The day after his capture the young king stole out of the palace at dawn, and, as a refugee in his own mountains, he eluded for years all the efforts of his enemies to find him.

Mademoiselle d'Annam

At last, to end matters, the French general simply deposed Ham Nghi. That was easy in Annam, where no dynastic law rules the succession to the throne, where the royal family has countless branches, and where candidates for the throne swarm in great numbers. So another king reigned in Annam, and Ham Nghi sought refuge in Algiers.

This happened about forty years ago. Ham Nghi has long been forgotten. But now his daughter, Mademoiselle d'Annam, as she wishes to be called, is bringing honour upon Ham Nghi's name.

Extraordinarily intelligent, exceptionally hard working, the princess has just come out first, before all her fellow-students of both sexes, on the list of the agricultural engineers.

A Princess of Science

It is the first time since the foundation of the Agricultural Institute that a girl has been given first-class honours, with the title of engineer, and has headed the list. It is the first time since these higher schools came into existence in France that a princess reigns highest among those who show scientific superiority.

Who would expect such an honour to go to a woman from the Far East, where woman holds an inferior station? The princess from Annam is on her way to be a princess of science—a very modern way of regaining a throne, and perhaps the best way of keeping one.

THE HORSE'S HOLIDAY

Another Kind Idea

A holiday home for lame and tired horses is a delightful idea, and it is an idea which has now for the fourth time been put into practice.

London, Liverpool, and Birmingham already had one of these homes, and now Manchester has one, too, at Hazel Grove. It is difficult to get pasture land near a great town, and many horse-owners needing their horses in business cannot afford to send them away and hire a substitute.

The Homes of Rest for Horses have come to the rescue of these poorer owners, offering free board and lodging to horses needing rest, though while there is room the home at Hazel Grove may be used also by owners who can afford to pay for the keep of their horses.

The stables and 25 acres of grazing land attached to a large country house have been put at the disposal of the Manchester and Salford branch of the R.S.P.C.A., and there is accommodation for 60 horses. A beginning has been made with nine horses and a donkey.

A MAN WHO SAW AHEAD

Wise a Hundred Years Before His Time

A BATCH OF OLD NOTEBOOKS

Father of British aeronautics and the greatest genius that aviation has known are two of the titles history has given to Sir George Cayley, who devoted himself to the study of flight during the first half of last century.

There has this year been found at his ancestral home, Brompton Hall, near Northallerton in Yorkshire, a number of notebooks and other documents containing records of his ideas and experiments which abundantly confirm his claim to both these titles, and will be of the greatest value to history.

Sir George Cayley's Foresight

It is clear that Cayley had found out, a hundred years before human flight became an accomplished fact, the most essential points about the form that must be taken by both aeroplanes and airships. He laid it down that the whole problem of flying machines was to make a wing surface support their weight by using power to overcome the resistance of the air, and he had so shrewd an idea of how this was to be done that he declared that if only a light enough engine could be invented the question was solved.

History has proved him right, for within a few years of the invention of the petrol engine men were actually flying. Not only were they flying, but they were flying in machines made on the very principles Cayley had laid down. Our rudders and elevators are exactly as he designed them. Our wings are cambered, or curved, instead of flat, and sloped upward from the body to the tips, as he required; and his call for extra carrying power by placing two surfaces one below the other is fulfilled in our biplanes.

In the new number of My Magazine, now on sale everywhere, is a splendid article about Sir George Cayley and his experiments in flying.

WHY THE CHINA IS BROKEN

The Architect and the House

There is a catering firm which, like most others, has spent an enormous sum each year on replacing breakages.

They have lately invited an expert, who has studied what is known as industrial fatigue, to study the washing-up staff. After watching for a while this expert suggested that the firm should remove certain trifling inconveniences so that the staff could work more comfortably. That was all.

The employers may have been tempted to think that the suggestions were silly, and that Industrial Psychology was all nonsense, but they obeyed, and now the breakages are 75 per cent less.

Professor Winifred Cullis, of the University of London, infers that the person to blame for most glass and china tragedies is not the washer-up but the architect who planned the pantry. We have built a house, and we can believe it.

PUSS AT THE BUS

An Essex reader feels that her cat quite rivals the Yorkshire dog described in the C.N. as understanding travelling by bus.

When any of her mistresses go from home, some two miles, to take a bus into the nearest town Pussy will follow them like a dog. She has sometimes made the journey three times in a day.

When they reach the place where the buses start she knows which bus they will take, and accompanies them to it.

Then she waits for their return. Sometimes her wait has been as long as six hours; but, however long it is, Puss is waiting for the walk home.

LITTLE DOTS FOR LITTLE MOTHERS

France and Her Heroines

A FUND FOR THE BRAVE POOR THINGS

In every poor street there is at least one Little Mother, a girl who is seen carrying a baby nearly as big as herself, or dragging home a shopping basket, or scrubbing the doorstep, although she looks hardly big enough to lift the bucket of water.

If you inquire about her you will learn that she is the eldest daughter of a widow or of a woman with a drunken husband, and that she looks after the little ones while her mother works as a charwoman or a laundress.

As soon as she leaves school the little mother goes out to daily work, but she toils at home as well, and hands over all her wages to her mother. No pretty clothes, no sweets, no visits to the picture palace for her.

But the brave little mother does not complain. At last the others grow up and start earning, and then she is free to marry and live her own life at last.

What the French Fund Does

That is all very well in England; but it is different in France. There it is customary for parents to give each daughter a dot, or dowry, when she marries. No self-respecting girl likes to marry without one; it makes her feel that she comes to her husband as a beggar if she cannot buy anything for their home.

What of the little mothers? They cannot save up for their marriage dowries, nor can their parents provide them. So a fund has been started to provide dots for girls who have helped to bring up brothers and sisters. Ten little mothers have been chosen for this reward already, they are all betrothed, and each will receive ten thousand francs. It is not a staggering sum, but it seems a fortune to the little mothers who have never before had any money for themselves.

A WIRELESS NOTE FROM AFRICA

The Brotherhood that is Coming

We have received an interesting letter from a reader in Cape Province who makes wireless his hobby.

We have (he says) been going through some curious times lately owing to what we call a wipe-out. For instance, I could work to another amateur in Cape Town, 520 miles away, and get good results, although only 40 miles away a third amateur could not hear me. A South African amateur was working with an American, one whom I could hear quite distinctly, but the South African was inaudible to me though he could be heard in America.

My chief interest is centred on the weather side of wireless science. Our spring is here again, and it is wonderful to be alive and to see the beautiful blooms that are poking their noses through the soil, while everything is getting a green coat. Our problem is whether this beauty will be able to continue without rain. At present the veld is very dry, and although there are green patches here and there there is little for the cattle and sheep to feed on. I have noticed before that when Europe gets deluges, such as it has had, this part of the world gets very little rain.

One day, when the amateurs of the world are able to converse freely, we shall understand, not only the weather, but ourselves better. It is most wonderful to hear the great international brotherhood that has sprung up since distance has been overcome. Let us hope that this brotherhood will turn our thoughts, as you so often plead, to peace and a better understanding of all the people "who on Earth do dwell."

A GOOD THING AND A BAD THING

The Worst Rent and the Best

BRITISH LEGION AS LANDLORD

Two pieces of news about rents have appeared in the papers. One is the worst thing we have ever heard about a landlord; the other is almost the best.

In the first case a young couple had had their rent increased by 5s. a week because a baby had been born to them! Doctors and nurses are always telling us how important the first year of a baby's life is, and saying that he should have the best of everything, but how can this baby have the best when the money that should be spent on him is going into the pocket of a baby-hating landlord?

Mr. Dan Rider's Book

Let us turn to the good news. The British Legion is playing landlord, and has erected the first pair of semi-detached villas out of the 150 which are to be built for disabled fighting men. The weekly rent of these pleasant homes is to be only 4s. 6d.

These things make us think of the Rent Acts which were introduced during the war and are now in abeyance. Their story is told by Mr. Dan Rider in his new book on Ten Years' Adventures Among Landlords and Tenants.

In September, 1914, he heard that a poor young mother whose husband had gone to fight was going to be turned out, with her baby, by her landlord.

The War Rents League

He set himself to fight the battle of this and other poor women, and the War Rents League was started. So many letters reached him on the subject that once a whole post-office vanload was delivered. Such was the self-sacrificing devotion of the workers who took the matter up that when the first Rent Restriction Act was passed they were able to say *this Act has only cost us ten shillings*.

In Mr. Rider's book there are many stories of hardships and sorrow, but there are cheering tales as well. Many landlords were extremely generous, like the one who reduced the rents of his Manchester houses from 10s. to 6s. 8d. in every case where a husband had been killed in the war.

Not all landlords, it will be seen, are as bad as he who greets the birth of a new citizen with a weekly fine.

CLEANING A CLEANER

One More New Thing

Millions of gallons of naphtha are used every year for what is known as the dry cleaning process.

The naphtha, or benzole, dissolves out dirt and grease from clothes without wetting them as water would. For years the dirty naphtha has been thrown away, but a new process has now been invented for cleaning it so that it can be used over and over again. It is passed through a tank and treated with sulphuric acid and caustic soda, and it comes out after its washing quite colourless and clean, ready to do its work all over again.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Engraving of Reynolds' painting	£5050
Kipling's Smith Administration	£2750
A drawing by William Blake	£1200
A manuscript by Charles Dickens	£800
1st edition of Scott's Waverley	£600
American ed. of Pickwick Papers	£490
Pair of William III stools	£262
Pair of old duelling pistols	£90

A copy of The Seven Pillars of Wisdom by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, published only last year at 30 guineas, sold for £570, and the proof sheets of Johnson's Dictionary brought £3250.

BRIGHTENING UP THE BLACK COUNTRY

A Good Work Going On REMARKABLE ROAD ACHIEVEMENT

The C.N. has already told something of the new highway from Birmingham to Wolverhampton. After six years the new road is at last finished and opened, and there have already been some disconcerting accidents, which have led the coroner to describe the road as a veritable death-trap.

This road is much more than a new highway in the ordinary sense of the word. New roads often rob the countryside of some of its beauty, but this one will give back to the Black Country some of the beauty it lost years ago, for the road runs like a clean new ribbon through what was once a dismal waste disfigured by slag heaps, old canals, and derelict pit shafts. The industrial greatness of South Staffordshire rose here and ebbed away again when many of the mines were flooded by water it was impossible to pump out.

The engineers who made the road frequently came upon old mine workings not shown on the maps, and all their plans were thrown out. Bridges of concrete had to be built to carry the road over the old shafts, and in one place the road had to be diverted and taken through a new village, the old village being transferred to another site.

What Electricity is Doing

Millions of tons of slag and cinders were taken from the huge mounds and used for the foundation of the road, so that much of the Black Country has been levelled and cleared of its ugly blots. In time trees will be planted along the new road and new houses will spring up, and the old ugliness will be forgotten. The new road has cost £60,000 a mile, but it is worth it.

There is another thing that is doing much to sweep the blackness out of the Black Country. That is electricity. Manufacturers are finding it better to abolish their old furnaces and smoky chimney-stacks and use electric furnaces instead, and so the stacks and their smoke are disappearing. No fewer than thirty chimneys have been felled by one firm this year.

THE WAR RUINS OF FRANCE

A Fine Record Britain Cannot Copy

It was said after the Great War that it would take fifty years to restore the devastated areas of France.

Yet M. Tardieu, Minister of Public Works, has just told the French Chamber that nine-tenths of the population have been resettled in these regions, that two-thirds of the houses and farm-buildings, three-quarters of the public buildings, nine-tenths of the industrial buildings, and nineteen-twentieths of the roads and bridges have already been restored within nine years of the signing of the Armistice.

There still remains to be paid nearly a third of the money damages awarded, but a loan is to be raised to pay these off. Altogether 600 million pounds have been spent, leaving something over a hundred millions to be paid.

It is a fine record, of which our neighbours may well be proud. But bitter experience is showing us that war damages visible to the eye are the easiest to make good. In Britain, nine years after the war, we still have a million unemployed, and the problem of bringing prosperity back to them seems as difficult as ever.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Great Portrait Painter

George Romney was born on December 15, 1734.

George Romney is one of the great men who made portrait painting in eighteenth-century England memorable in the eyes of the world. Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney between them raised the standard of that branch of British art to a height which has never been regained.

The man who has the third place in this famous trio was born in 1734 at Dalton-in-Furness. His father, who came of sturdy yeoman stock, was a cabinet-maker, and wanted one or two of his boys to follow his trade. George, the second son, idled about at school, and spent most of his energy in making carved fiddles for his chums. His father, seeing no good in that, stopped the school fees when Master George was eleven, and put him in the workshop, where the boy spent most of his time in drawing portraits of the workmen.

A Rival to Reynolds

There was no hiding the boy's talent, and the father decided to let him follow his own bent. It happened that there was a wandering painter settled for the time at Kendal, and in 1755 the cabinet-maker apprenticed his son to him. London was, of course, the Mecca of this pilgrim, and seven years later he arrived in the capital with a little money, years of hard work and training behind him, and some considerable success as a portrait painter in the provinces.

He soon became known, and presently Reynolds began to feel that he had a rival in London. But Romney was only beginning, it seemed. He went to study in Rome, stopped in Paris on the way back, and then settled in London again, taking a large house and a studio in Cavendish Square.

A Mirror of the Times

Very soon George was being besieged for portraits by society ladies and gentlemen. Carriages and footmen were for ever at his door. "He became to a number of fair ladies 'that marvellous Mr. Romney.'" He became to Reynolds "that fellow in Cavendish Square." All the town (said a nobleman) is divided into two factions, the Reynoldss and the Romneys.

Before the fellow in Cavendish Square had finished he was earning £3000 a year, and had added to the store of great pictures in the stately homes of England some magnificent portraits. His life is a mirror of the times. Nowadays no society ladies would quarrel with each other about being painted by anybody. No aristocrats would rival each other in being a patron of the arts.

Portraiture was an intensely important affair in that century, and thus it was that the hour and the place and genius all together produced the era of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney.

Romney's Divine Lady

To talk of Romney's portraits would be to mention a long catalogue. For a certain number of years he rationed his great sitters in order to paint endless pictures of the beautiful Lady Hamilton, whom he called the divine lady.

This painter of lovely women was intensely sensitive to beauty in every form; was charming himself, in some ways weak, of a most generous disposition, but in all things a tireless worker and an idealist. He errs sometimes on the side of prettiness; his brushwork now and again is a little too caressing. But if we take the great gallery of his work, men, women, and children alike, we feel that here is a man who could never have many rivals.

All his life he was too imaginative, sensitive, nervous, often morbid. As old age came on these qualities became a disease. He was still painting when he turned sixty; but the weakness was growing, and he died in 1802, hopelessly insane, at Kendal.

TOMBS OF THIRTY GENERATIONS

Discoveries Nine Thousand Feet High

A MYSTERY OF HISTORY

In the remotest ages the peoples of what is now Mongolia worshipped the wonderful Khangai Mountains in their midst, and the Mongols of today still sing praises to their twin peaks for their divine beauty. They worship them, too, for the gift of their offspring, the Orkhon River, magnificent and great, with its blue-water rapids hurrying through deep canyons to nourish the vast steppe pastures to the north.

So says that lover of Mongolia the Russian Colonel Kozloff, who is once more exploring its fastnesses and its relics of ancient times. Nine thousand feet above the sea he has found the tombs of thirty generations of khans of San Nain, covering a thousand years. The tombs are roofed with stone slabs, with wooden ornaments, and surrounded with fences, on which hang painted pictures of the Buddha and his followers.

Effigies of Fearsome Beasts

Other finds in the mountains and in the Gobi Desert to the south are stone and bronze ornaments and bronze effigies of fearsome beasts. The explorer tells of two ancient stone figures of women. One, in a fertile river valley, with a beautiful Buddhist temple built round it, is called White Dame, and is said to bring blessings to its worshippers, while the other, Black Dame, stands solitary on the open steppe, and so baleful is its influence believed to be that even to approach it must provoke a devastating storm!

But the most wonderful thing about this strange land is the evidence everywhere of the influence of the art of Ancient Greece. Greece must be five thousand miles from the Khangai peaks. Where in those five thousand miles did masters and pupils meet, and when? It is a mystery of history.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Handyman?

A man who is useful for all kinds of odd jobs. The name is often given to sailors.

How Did the Butterfly Get Its Name?

The insect is so called from the excrement it exudes, which resembles butter.

Is There Really Such a Place as Camelot?

The Camelot of Arthurian romance is generally supposed to be Winchester. There is no place named Camelot.

How Far is the Sun From the Earth?

At his farthest the Sun is 94,524,000 miles away and at his nearest 91,406,000 miles. The mean distance is 92,965,000 miles.

Why is Threadneedle Street, London,

So Called?

It was originally Three Needle Street, three needles being the charge on the escutcheon of the Needlemakers' Company, to whom the property belonged.

What is Carbide?

What is popularly spoken of as carbide is carbide of calcium, a chemical compound made up of the metal calcium and the non-metal carbon. When water falls on the carbide the hydrogen of the water and the carbon of the carbide unite and form acetylene gas.

What were the Black Patches Worn by Women in Stuart Times?

They began as small round patches of black plaster to imitate moles, and the foolish craze developed till some women put many patches on their faces, cut into fantastic shapes such as stars, moons, coaches, and so on.

Why is the Full Moon in October Called the Harvest Moon?

The harvest moon is the Full Moon nearest to the autumnal equinox, and is so called because it rises very nearly at the same hour for several nights and gives much moonlight for harvest operations. It is not larger than other Full Moons, but merely more noticeable.

A NEW STAR

HOW ASTRONOMERS ARE WATCHING IT

Millions of Miles of Whirling Fire Mist

EARLY DAYS OF A SUN

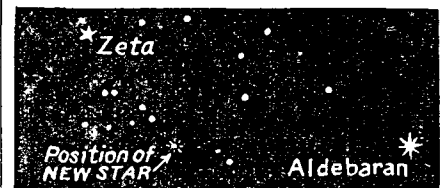
By the C.N. Astronomer.

Of great interest just now is the eastern part of Taurus (a description of which appeared in last week's C.N.), for a new star has appeared there.

This new star, or Nova, lies to the south-west of Zeta in Taurus, about ten times the Moon's apparent width away, and, as shown in the star map, is due east of Aldebaran.

Unfortunately it is of only tenth magnitude, and so far beyond naked-eye visibility. It is being studied by astronomers, and its light is being analysed with the greatest care because so much is to be learned thus as to the possible beginnings, not only of this new star, but of other new stars, and even of old ones, such as our Sun.

The light of these so-called new stars, which may be, and very probably are, old ones rejuvenated, usually changes



Where the new star in Taurus has appeared

very rapidly. These changes are revealed with most wonderful detail by spectrum analysis; and then by numerous photographs a record of those events which took place so far away is obtained for all time.

These records invariably reveal terrific catastrophes on a colossal scale, usually many hundreds of millions of miles in extent. Imagine the whole of the vast area of space within the Earth's orbit, a region 186 million miles through and about 575 million miles round; imagine a globe this size all in a state of whirling tornadoes of fire, a region of terrible tumult in which all the elements we know are in a state of incandescent vapour, lashed into terrific fury by a convulsive upheaval almost beyond conception.

This is the condition that usually exists upon the first appearance of a so-called new star. But all these blasts of flame are expanding and whirling upward into the vast vault of space at speeds often amounting to between 10,000 and 15,000 miles a second—far exceeding any known velocity except that of light.

Enveloped in Fire-Mist

Imagine a flame expanding and enveloping our Earth in one second of time! Thus what was originally a small and comparatively tranquil star or sun has become a raging and rapidly expanding inferno. So rapid is the expansion that in the short space of 48 hours, as in the case of Nova in Aquila of 1918, its light and heat are increased 100,000 times, from which we may infer that its surface is also increased.

After a few days, or weeks, the intense fury of the cataclysm appears to die down, and the whole stellar holocaust becomes enveloped in a sort of fire-mist, or nebulosity, which continues to expand at a great rate, so that eventually it attains the immensity of the orbit of Neptune, or a size even larger, and becomes a colossal sphere 20,000 million miles or more in circumference, much larger than any sun known.

Such a sphere of fire-mist can still be seen through a telescope, enveloping the Nova in Aquila that suffered such a terrific catastrophe in 1918. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter and Uranus in the south-west. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Saturn in the south-east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 25 The Wreck

Why had the Eardleys filled their cabin with all these tins? There was tongue, corned beef, sweet biscuits, cold ham, cake. It reminded Rafe, in the first moment of relief, of a shop from which his mother used to send wonderful tinned food to an uncle in the wilds of Africa.

Teddy, who had found a tin-opener, was wildly wrenching at a tin of corned beef. Luath bent forward and dragged a piece of meat from Teddy's hands.

"Bother! I've cut my hand on this tin," wailed Hilary. "Throw over the opener, somebody."

Rafe saw that everybody was getting too excited. He said shortly: "Let me do it, Hill. It's probably stale. Isn't there anything on board except tins?"

"These red cushions, Rafe," said Monica Mildred with starry eyes of delight. "They will be very useful in Sea Lodge on winter evenings when we have progressive games parties."

"Winter evenings! Oh, dear!" said Rafe.

"And this nice picture," said Monica Mildred, pointing to a faded drawing.

"Why, this is a yacht. It is the Eardleys' yacht! You realise, don't you, Monica, that the girl who gave you your eau-de-Cologne sailed aboard her?"

"We can open that eau-de-Cologne now," interrupted Monica, with a glance at the tin-opener.

"Perhaps this is the Hermit's headquarters for food. Look here, Rafe!"

And John showed Rafe a tin of biscuits that exactly resembled the mysterious gift they had received.

"All along I've thought he must be our friend," murmured John.

"Hum! A friend would come and help!"

"It isn't his fault that he's peculiar, if he's nearly a hundred," pleaded tender-hearted John.

"Old men don't dash along the beach as he dashed the other morning. Do you know if there's anything else on board?"

"Yo ho! Here's a medicine chest!" sang out Teddy.

With the greatest excitement he was opening the doors of a tiny cupboard, almost hidden by the tattered window curtain.

"Is there any tincture of iodine?" Rafe asked. "That's what I want for this leg of mine. A weasel gave it a nip this morning, Ted. I'd be glad if you'd look at it. Hilary, you little pig, don't eat so much."

"I can't help it. I'm dying of hunger," was the cheerful reply.

"I'm going to take charge of everything," said Rafe in ringing tones. "We'll bring all the stuff back to the cave and make a list. It's a wonderful haul if it's all eatable still."

"Here is the iodine," said Teddy, who had been investigating the cupboard. "And there's glycerine and vaseline and boracic powder. I shall be much happier now. Let's see the leg."

"Where are you others going?" asked Rafe, as he swung himself up on the little table in the middle of the cabin and stuck out his leg.

Alastair and John were hauling open a small trapdoor on the deck.

"Hallo, it's raining!" John sang out. "I think we ought to get back before it gets worse. I wonder if we are going to have a storm. The wind is blowing up."

Rafe forgot his leg, slid down from the table, and, after a last look round, followed the others.

"Yes," he said; "we must get back as quickly as possible. We

are in for a gale, at any rate. Bring what you can with you," he added; "we will come back for the rest tomorrow."

They were back in the cave none too soon. A tremendous gale was getting up, a gale such as perhaps only the Hebrides knows. The rain swept down without ceasing.

Luckily, Rafe had always had the possibility of rain in view, and had laid a stack of firewood under cover. It was dry, and when lit crackled well.

"We ought to have some peat, though, to keep it going," he bemoaned. "I believe there is some in the Hermit's garden."

"There was a lump or two untouched in his fireplace," said Hilary. "I saw them when I was lying there with my thorny foot. Shall I go and fetch them?"

And without waiting for an answer he went out.

CHAPTER 26 The Flag in Danger

THE first rush of wind that met him nearly took his breath away. He saw some white sea-birds sliding eerily through the mist; there was fog in patches, and here and there were white, damp vapours clinging to tree and bush. The tempest had whipped the loch to an inky blackness; the whole world seemed sodden and spongelike.

Suddenly, above a white wreath of cloud which hung round the lower slope, Hilary caught sight of the flag straining and bending ominously in the wind, which came tearing down from the North. Hilary regarded it anxiously. There was a torn wisp at the edge of it; soon the whole thing might be a sheet of ribbons, beaten down on its side by the racing gale to be soaked and destroyed by rain. And if the flag went down on Lithanmore what would happen?

Rafe would care tremendously. Hilary wondered if he ought to turn back and give information. Better by far save the flag than bother about the peat!

He battled back slowly, and re-entered the cave. Teddy, soaking wet and very red in the face after his battle with the wind, was kneeling with a lot of soaking nettles in his hand by the methy-lated stove; and Rafe was saying in a high, strained voice that he had better wait, and make his nettle brew when they had a good fire going.

"I say, everybody," cried Hilary, "the gale's rising; and if we don't rescue our flag it'll be torn to ribbons!"

Rafe turned, and said swiftly: "Certain, Hill?"

"Just seen it. Come and look for yourself."

Without another word Rafe ran out, and Hilary followed him.

The wind now met the twins like a solid wall. They struggled, they pressed, and were only just able to breast their way toward the loch. The burn that supplied them with fresh water was already in spate, and came splashing down the side of the bank.

"Look at it!" yelled Hilary, when at last they had forced their way to the loch side.

There was another tear in it now; two strips of the blue floated out wildly.

"It'll be in pieces in no time!" Rafe called in Hilary's ear.

The boys stood holding on to a young pine tree on the shore. They clung to it, and watched the flag swaying to and fro on the top of the island.

"Yes, it'll be down soon," thought Rafe. "And if it fell that would be horrible." Somehow the flag was very valuable to the party. It stood for home, for camp, for discipline. If it fell? Rafe

frowned and compressed his lips. "To the rescue, Hill!" he said. "Yes; but how can we get it?"

"I'm going to swim to it," said Rafe briefly.

He took off his clothes, and in the ceaseless, glancing rain walked into the icy-cold loch. It was a shock, but his young body was hardy and his young determination fixed as he gazed over at the farther shore. The green sugar mound glistened through the changing, moving mists; the flag strained at its moorings.

Hilary, the faithful twin, on the shore, gave a hoarse cheer of encouragement, but it did not reach Rafe's ear. All he heard was the roar of the wind as it shrieked around him, cold and pitiless.

It seemed a long way across. Who said it was a quarter of an hour's swim? Was he really making progress? Queer the way the wind seemed to be shifting, striking him in the face, urging him back. It was frightfully hard work. The water was so cold. His arms were turning numb; but he struggled on.

CHAPTER 27 The Great Storm

THOUGH John Hewart had successfully overcome his fear of the water there still remained another secret terror for him: he was very much afraid of thunder. While Rafe was fighting his way across the loch the first peal broke. John heard it with a deep sinking of the heart. It was going to be a bad storm. John had observed, with an inward tremor, the angry grey clouds with their look of thunder yellow in the west. It was absurd, of course, this fear; the only decent thing a chap could do about it was to hide his feelings and appear to take no notice. Nevertheless, if you had that horrible fear the one thing to do in a storm was to stay by somebody alive.

John had gone out of the cave for a moment to peer at the sky when there was a sudden zigzag flash of lightning in the brooding clouds, a terrific downpour of rain, and a gust of wind which produced a reverberating noise before the clap of thunder announced itself; and then a big fall of sand and stones.

When John had recovered from the shock and surprise he perceived, while the thunder was growling over the jagged rocks of Sandy-vrechan, that a piece of sandy cliff jutting over the rocks above the entrance to Sea Lodge had collapsed, and that there was a great heap of sand piled in front of it.

He hurried up, terrified at being alone. His one idea was to take shelter, and here was this abominable barrier. Inside he heard Teddy and Alastair calling, "I say, John! Hi, what's happened?"

THROUGH 1928 with the

C.N. MONTHLY

The Christmas present problem is often a most difficult one to solve. What is finer than a gift that will last a whole year? Many grown-ups have made a habit of presenting their young relations with a year's subscription to My Magazine, the monthly companion of the C.N., and it has proved a most popular gift. Here are a few of the contents of the January issue, now on sale everywhere, price one shilling.

The Yorkshire Squire Who Dreamed of Flight

The Ancestor of the Aeroplane
How Nature Clothes Her Children
Wardrobes of the Wilds, with many Beautiful Pictures Printed in Photogravure

Everybody's Chance in this New Year The Wheels of Time

Nine Days in Our History The Most Pathetic Queen in England's Story

Order My Magazine from your local newsagent, or, if you have difficulty in obtaining it locally, send a year's subscription to the publisher, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given in the top right-hand corner of page 12.

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

To his horror, the pile of sand stretched right across the cave, forming a most effective obstacle.

"It's a bit of ground come down over you. A landslide!" he shouted.

"Let us out! Let us out!"

"I can't! Let me in! Let me in!"

"Where's the spade?" said

Teddy's voice, louder and stronger.

"Up at the Hermit's cottage, I expect!" John shouted back.

"What a fearful nuisance! Still, it's a sort of shelter; we aren't hurt, and it certainly makes it less draughty," was Teddy's cheerful response.

"What shall I do?" said John. Another flash of lightning set him tingling from head to foot.

"Go into Egg Manor and cheer up the Wyandottes!" came Monica's calm voice.

There was another terrible zigzag yellow flash against the dark heaven, and John, utterly afraid, threw himself down and wriggled rapidly into the cave next door. There he met the placid gaze of the five Wyandotte hens, which sat peacefully in beautiful sand baths of their own scratching. They did not mourn for Jimina Smith; far from it; neither did they seem aware of the storm. They were, most of them, taking an afternoon nap. John so longed for companionship that he took up one of them and clasped it to his heart. The thunder made such great reverberating peals. He had heard bad storms at home, but nothing to compare with this.

"Luath would have been a comfort to me," thought John, as the hen fought and clucked, and he let it go. "The others would have laughed at me, but Luath would be a comfort."

"Gaul, lift thy terrible sword; Fergus, bend thy crooked yew; throw, Fillan, thy lance through heaven!" came a voice, and Alastair Miles slowly crept into the cave. "You've got out, Miles! How did you manage?"

"I burrowed! Look at me!" and Alastair laughed and dusted his kilt. He was covered with sand.

John eyed him anxiously. Was it possible Miles had guessed that he was alarmed?

But, no; Alastair at once said that he wanted to see the storm. He loved storms; they made him think of the ancient poetry of the Highland Ossian.

There was a blinding flash, followed by a crash that rose high and threatening above the storm.

"Luath is frightened," remarked Alastair as the big dog appeared suddenly outside the cave. John, his eyes half-covered, just saw the beloved form through the small opening, and noticed that the dog cowered with terror. It was whining.

"So he's got out," he said gladly. "Come here! Come in! Good dog! Oh, dear, he's getting so wet!"

Then Alastair, lying flat on his face, gently stroking the Wyandotte nearest him, remarked: "The lightning will strike Luath if he stays out there."

The dog had retreated vaguely instead of answering the repeated cries of John. The noise of the storm was so violent it was hardly to be expected that he would respond. Yes, Luath, John could see, peering fearfully from his shelter, was rambling a little way in the open down the beach toward the angry waves.

Another flash, another mighty peal, no easier to endure.

"I hope Rafe and Hill are safe!" exclaimed Alastair. "Bad idea to be out in this weather."

"Where's Luath now?" asked John, recovering again. He did not know which he hated most, the flash or the crash.

"I can't see him," Alastair answered lightly. "It's asking for trouble to be out just now."

But this was too much for John. Luath must not be left afraid and helpless in the storm.

"I must get him; it can't be helped if I am struck," he murmured.

Without another thought of his own peril or of his terror he wriggled out of the cave, and ran boldly into the storm as another flash lit up the gloomy sky.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Patchwork

EVERY year Queenie wrote to her godmother to ask what she should make for her birthday, and this year her godmother replied: "I would like a patchwork cushion. I love patchwork; it's so old-fashioned."

Queenie didn't mind the feather-stitching, that was easy. The difficulty was unexpected: she could not find enough pieces.

"You will have to go a-begging," Mother said.

"And there isn't much time before the birthday; not time to write to the Aunts. I shall have to beg near by," said Queenie. "Oh, Mother, I wonder if the little old lady at the lodge would have anything."

The old lady in the lodge had only just arrived. People said she was a composer of music. She was very pretty and very queer; she lived with a cat with a very long tail and played her harp most of the day. She had a box for visitors' cards on which was written "Not at Home," and it hung outside her blue door always. But Queenie longed to know her. Passing by through the pinewood she had heard sweet music, and the old lady looked very kind; and there was Italian green pottery on the window-sill.

The curtains were patchwork, most lovely old Spitalfields silk of all colours. That was what made Queenie inclined to beg a scrap of something rare.

She called at the Vicarage; she called on Mrs. Cowplain, the farmer's wife; she called on the doctor's wife; and from each she got a piece of material; but still there was not enough. So one day Queenie took her courage in both hands and walked up to the cottage in the wood.

Smoke was curling from its high chimneys; on the roof the cat with the long tail was standing, like a witch's cat. A gentle old face suddenly popped out of the window and a voice said eagerly: "Can you sing the Welsh song All Through the Night? I have just made up the most delightful harp accompaniment to the air."

Now, Queenie could sing it; she had learned it at school. She hadn't much of a voice, but she had been brought up not to make a fuss. So in she walked at the blue front door, and in a very tidy, empty room there was a harp. The old lady sat down by it, and told Queenie to begin. She played a long, quivering chord. And Queenie sang; and the old musician played marvellously, and at the end she thanked Queenie charmingly, and took up an old soft duster of wonderful flowered silk to dust her harp.

"That's pretty!" cried Queenie at once, thinking of her cushion.

"Do you like it, my dear? I have a lot. Keep it, if you like," said the quaint old dame. "It's not fit for anything but patchwork." "I know," said Queenie, and smiled happily.



Sweet Robin Sits on the Bush, Singing So Rarely



THE BRAN TUB

A Puzzle Word

I AM a word of nine letters:
My 2, 5, 6, 1 changes every day.
My 6, 7, 2, 1 rises and falls.
My 2, 1, 5, 9 holds office in the Church.
My 6, 8, 5, 2 is like a frog.
My 4, 8, 9, 1 is a shape.
My 2, 4, 5, 1 is a small fish.
My 9, 1, 5, 6 is tidy.
My 8, 9, 1 is a unit.
My 2, 1, 9 is a small cavern.
My 4, 8, 7, 9 is made of metal.
My 2, 3, 1, 6 is played by two people.
My 4, 3, 1 is a hint or intimation.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Degu

This rodent, which in appearance is something like a rat, is an inhabitant of Chile and Peru, and is distinguished by the remarkable softness of its fur. It is seven or eight inches long exclusive of the tail, which is about four inches long. There is also a tuft of long hair on the end of the tail. The Degu feeds on plants and bark, and in some of its habits resembles the squirrel, for it lays in a store of food for the winter and climbs trees with agility.

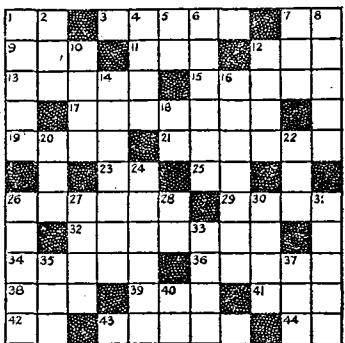
Do You Know Me?

MY first is in current but not in light,
My second's in airship but not in kite,
My third is in garden but not in lawn,
My fourth is in morning but not in dawn,
My fifth is in forest but not in glade,
My sixth is in sunlight but not in shade,
My seventh's in garment but not in robe,
My eighth is in crystal but not in globe,
My ninth is in present but not in here,
My whole you will find is now quite near.

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Personal pronoun. 3. Good value. 7. Behold. 9. A mineral. 11. A mischievous child. 12. Famous motoring institution (abbrev.). 13. Sound. 15. A luscious fruit. 17. The natural features of a place. 19. A South American ostrich. 21. An adherent of the Zoroastrian religion in India. 23. High artist's honour (abbrev.). 25. The sixth note of an octave. 26. Dress. 29. A trial. 32. A haven. 34. Yours. 36. A struck. 38. Poetical term for even. 39. The Sun. 41. Observe. 42. The Senior Service (abbrev.). 43. A razor-sharpener. 44. For example.

Reading Down. 1. That which gives motion. 2. An Age. 4. Conceal. 5. A printer's measure. 6. A call for sympathy. 7. A resinous substance. 8. A name applied to clays coloured with the oxides of iron. 10. Besides. 12. Beams of light. 14. Adventurous in flight. 16. Error. 18. Notary public (abbrev.). 20. A head-covering. 22. River in Germany. 24. To secure. 26. Change. 27. Slight. 28. Encyclopaedia Britannica (abbrev.). 30. Cupid. 31. Plants. 33. Capital of Norway. 35. Mother bird. 37. A beverage. 40. Gold.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

A LITTLE nosegay can often be gathered in the week before

Christmas; snow-drops, wall-flowers, daisies, furze, polyanthus, mezerion, and primroses frequently blossom in sheltered spots. The storms have thrown up many kinds of seaweed on the beaches round our coasts. Chaffinches are now collecting in flocks.



Looking South 8 a.m., Dec. 17

Do You Live in Playhouse Street?

STREETS of this name, and there are many, are so called because in former days, if not now, a theatre was found in them. In Playhouse Yard, Blackfriars, London, for example, there stood Burbage's old theatre, in which Shakespeare acted and of which, as of the Globe Theatre, on the opposite side of the Thames, he was part proprietor.

A Word Square

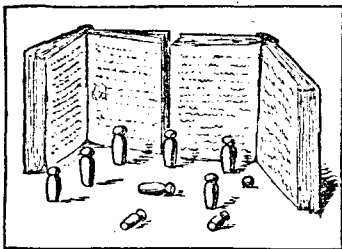
THE following clues indicate four words (which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

A wheeled vehicle. A flat surface. The aftermost part. A Scottish name for a pool.

Answer next week

Table Ninepins

THIS is a capital table game, and the ninepins can be made in a few minutes with a saw by simply cutting the prongs off nine clothes-pegs. Now obtain a marble or a small wooden ball, and everything is ready for playing the well-known game of Ninepins. Stand the pins on



the table and open two large books behind them to prevent the marble rolling off the table.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Vacuum Insect Catcher. As many housewives know, vacuum cleaners are splendid catchers of flies and other insects, and they also know that quite often small but hard objects that may damage the apparatus are sucked in with the dust. Here is an attachment which acts as a filter.

Inside the metal box shown in the picture is a fabric bag which is pervious only to air and fine dust. As the strong air current induced by the cleaner passes through this bag coarse dust, flies, and other objects are trapped within it. The attachment as illustrated is fixed to the vacuum cleaner in place of the usual long flexible tube which has a nozzle.

A Useful Cooking Utensil. Foods such as peas, beans, some cereals, and so on, are cooked better in bags. Here is a simple but useful arrangement for this type of cooking. It consists of a flat metal ring having upwardly-projecting teeth to



which a shallow bag is easily attached. The metal ring rests on the rim of the saucepan, so that the food in the bag remains near the water-level, or even above it if it is desired only to steam the food.

Jacko on the Run

JACKO had the surprise of his life while he was strolling through the village one day. His friend Chimp suddenly came into sight, driving a big gander before him.

"My hat!" exclaimed Jacko. "Whatever are you thinking of, Chimp?"

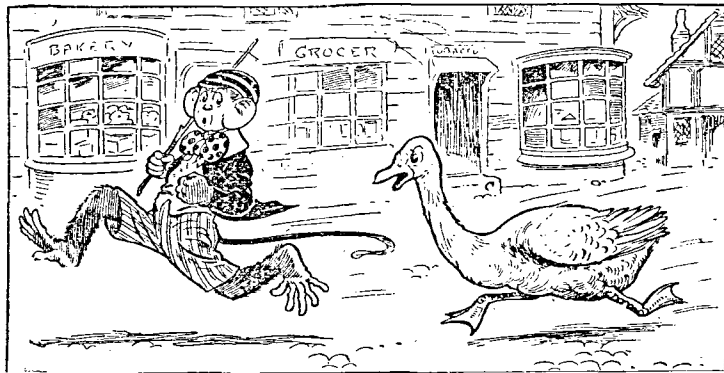
Chimp gave the gander a wary tap with his stick. "Fact is, I'm taking the bird to market," he told Jacko. "Farmer Brown said he'd give me a shilling if I got it there safely."

"Well, you haven't much farther to go," said Jacko, looking rather envious. "I wish I could earn a shilling so easily."

"I'll gladly go shares with you," said Chimp eagerly. "Sixpence down if you'll take the bird the rest of the way."

Jacko fairly jumped at the suggestion. He didn't notice Chimp's harassed expression, and thought his friend rather a mug to give him sixpence for going such a short way.

"Come on, Quack-quack!" he said, urging the gander forward, and off they went down the street, while Chimp ran



Jacko had to run like a hare

home as fast as he could go, casting many anxious glances behind him.

It wasn't long before Jacko began to suspect that Chimp was wiser than he had thought. The gander was a horrible bird; it turned round and hissed at Jacko every few minutes. It looked as if that sixpence was not going to be so easily earned after all!

Just as they were nearing the centre of the town the gander began to make the most horrible noises. It apparently didn't like the look of the market-place, and it turned round and told Jacko what it thought of him.

"Ssss!" it went, stretching out its long neck.

"Nice goosey-geese-gander!" said Jacko timidly, hoping to pacify the bird. But it wasn't any good. The next moment, instead of driving the gander, the gander was driving Jacko. He had to run like a hare to keep out of its way.

"I'll pay Chimp out for this, see if I don't!" he gasped as he tore down the street; and when he suddenly felt a peck on his leg he let out a yell and rushed through the nearest doorway.

Unfortunately it happened to be the Town Hall, where a big bazaar was being held. Just as Jacko appeared the Mayor was standing up in all his fine robes and saying "I declare this bazaar open."

There was a regular to-do when Jacko rushed helter-skelter into the room, with the gander flying after him. Everybody was terrified. Most of the people jumped up on the stalls, and a lot of the needlework got knocked off on to the floor.

Fortunately the gander seemed quite content with the commotion it had caused, for, after eating one or two cakes, it waddled out of the room, quacking cheerfully as it went.

Jacko wisely went too. He had an idea that he would get all the blame. And so he did!

How Cashmere Got Its Name

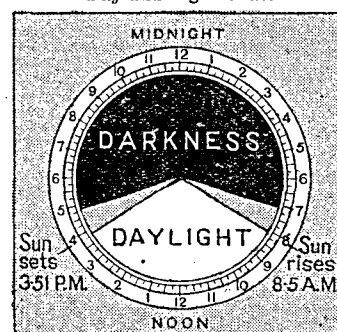
CASHMERE is a fine, soft woollen cloth, and also a cotton and wool imitation of it. Cashmere was originally made in the Valley of Kashmir, in the Himalaya Mountains, and the name is an English spelling of the place. Cashmere shawls are made from the fine downy wool of the wild goat of Kashmir and Tibet.

Ici On Parle Français



La manne La girafe Le glacier
Qu'y a-t-il donc dans cette manne?
La girafe s'approprie facilement.
L'Alpiniste a traversé le glacier.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

The Man With the Trombone

SMALL Boy (listening to the band):
Oh, Mother, do look at that poor man with the long trumpet! He has been trying ever since the band began to get it the right length, and he can't!

At the Village Post Office

I WANT to put in ten pounds. Can I get it out quickly if I want it?
You can take it out tomorrow if you give me three days' notice.

A False Alarm



Snorum:
I do believe that they intend to join us up to Bakerloo. The excavators are below, And I can hear them boring through!
Snap:
To drag our Fairy Dell to Town Would be, I'm sure, a shocking crime; But never fear! That noise you hear Is old Mole working overtime!

Not Guilty

HAIR getting thin at the top, Sir; have you tried our hair restorer?
Yes, but it wasn't that.

Curious

THE son of the house was showing the portraits of his ancestors. "Queer thing," remarked the visitor, "that all your family should have been taken in fancy dress! Were they all done by the same man?"
He was not invited again.

Out of His Element

SWIMMING southward, a clumsy old Seal
Ran ashore, and got stranded off Deal,
Where he moaned, all forlorn;
"Though an animal born,
Like a fish out of water I feel!"

Not So Bad as it Might Have Been

HOW is the vicar today, Johnson?
Still very poorly, Mum.
I'm sorry to hear that. Has he got a locum tenens?
Oh, no, Mum, nothing of that kind; only the same old pain in the back.

Truth Barred

NO, Jones, you must go, I'm afraid. And I wouldn't ask for a reference if I were you. If you do of course I shall have to tell the truth about you.
Well, sir, I give you fair warning that if you do that I shall certainly bring an action against you for defamation of character.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Changing Heads

Map, gap, sap, cap, lap, tap, rap.

Word Square

P A C K
A X L E
C L U E
K E E L

Changeling

Card, cart, cast, cost, lost, loft.

A Picture Puzzle

The objects were saw, shell, sickle, horn, kite, from which we make the words shirt, shoes, socks, links.

A Bird in Hiding

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Who Was He?

George Crabbe.

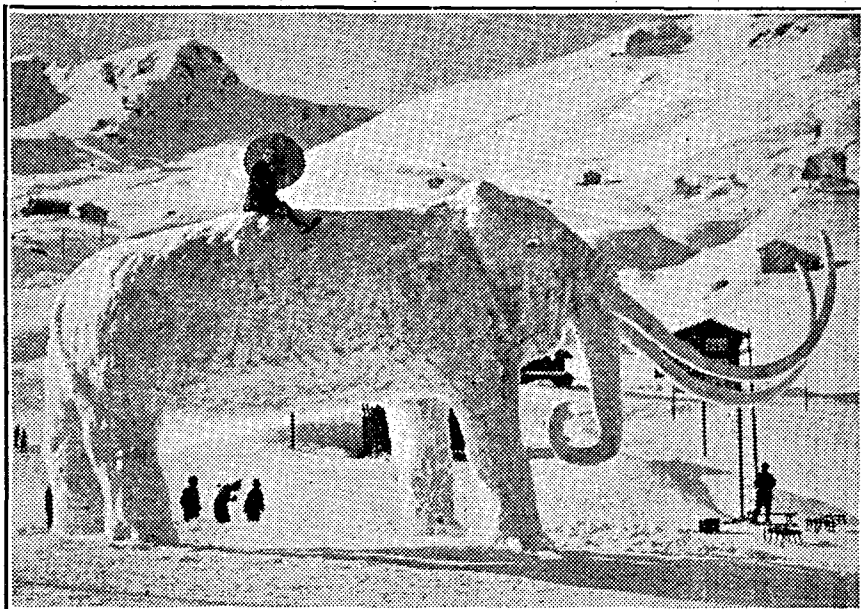
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

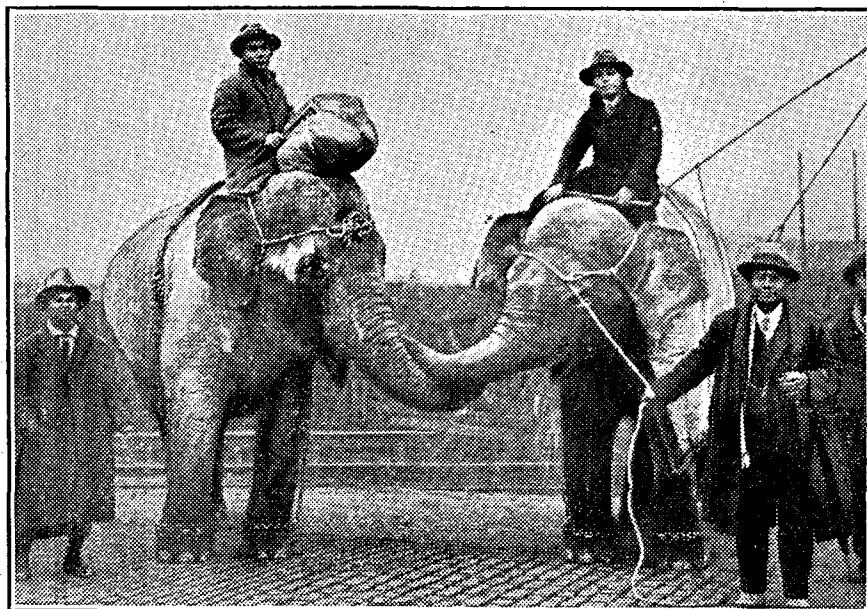
December 17, 1927 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

A SILENT MAMMOTH • NEWSPAPER SLOT MACHINE • CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS



The Mammoth of the Snows—In this picture we see a holiday-maker sitting on the back of a still and silent mammoth fashioned out of the snow at a Swiss winter sports centre.



Elephants' Long Journey—These elephants have passed through London on their way to America. On the left is the sacred white elephant of Burma which visited England last year.



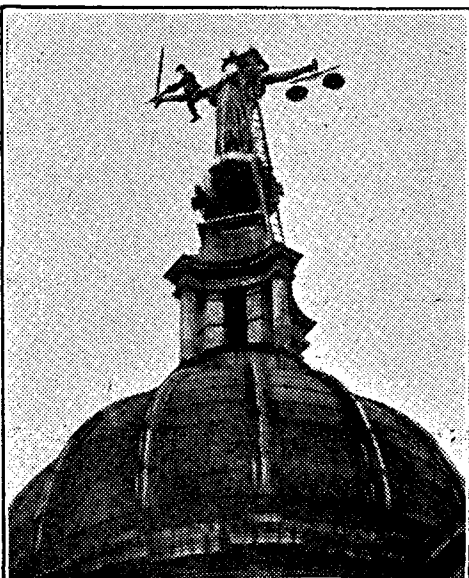
Comfort First—Berlin policemen on traffic duty are provided with a pair of big boots to keep their feet warm, as shown here.



A Pyramid of Puddings—Many people who now have to do their own cooking are unable to find time to make Christmas puddings, and every year an increasing number of ready-made puddings are sold. Here are a few of the thousands of puddings cooked by a London firm.



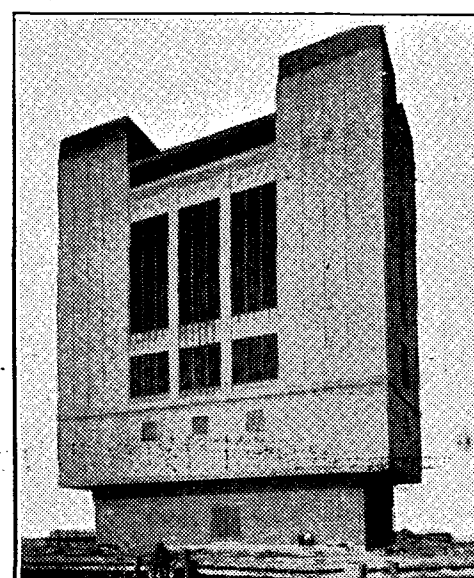
Newspaper Slot Machine—This picture from Berlin shows an automatic machine from which newspapers can be obtained.



Cleaning Justice—Two steeplejacks are here seen at work cleaning the figure of Justice which surmounts the Old Bailey, close to the C.N. office.



A Puzzle for the Monkeys—When a photographer visited the London Zoo to take some pictures in the Monkey House he could not get on with his work till the monkeys had thoroughly investigated the camera, as seen here.



A Giant Air Pump—This extraordinary building ventilates the new traffic tunnel under the Hudson River which connects New York with Jersey City.

A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR A LONELY CHILD—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE C.N.

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd. The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency, R/L.